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JULY 16, 1973

TIME

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It was pouring rain in Brooklyn Heights on the day Time's New York bureau chief Marsh Clark rang Norman Mailer's doorbell. They had never met before. By the time Clark left Brooklyn Heights, he had learned a great deal about Mailer's fantasies of Marilyn Monroe (for this week's cover story), Mailer's views on writing and money and the American psyche—and Mailer's passion for thumb wrestling. "Mailer is the self-proclaimed champion of the U.S.," Clark recalls. "But he confessed that he had fractured his right thumb in a boxing match a few years back, and so he is in temporary retirement from thumb wrestling. This was good news to me, because I had also fractured my right one a few years ago. Anyway, his thumb looked thick and tough."

Clark returned to Brooklyn Heights two weeks later. Mailer alternated between reclining on a velvet couch and pacing around the room as Clark asked questions about his controversial new biography, *Marilyn*. "He was extremely sensitive to criticisms, but he was as honest and candid a cover subject as I've ever interviewed," says Clark, who has worked on 25 covers for TIME.

MARC RUBIN

"At one point I asked him about the title *Marilyn*," Clark recalls, "and I wondered if he hadn't used up the proper title with the bestseller that made him famous, *The Naked and the Dead*. Mailer took a sip of his gin and tonic, looked out across the East River and then said, 'Mmm. Never thought of that. You might be right.'"

In Los Angeles, Correspondent Pat Delaney wrestled with Mailer by subjecting *Marilyn* to a comparison with accounts from people who knew the star. "I enjoyed the detective work," she says, "and I dealt with people who felt that the best way to protect Marilyn was to give the facts." Dr. Thomas Noguchi, who prepared the coroner's report following Marilyn's death, gave Pat information that he had never revealed before.

MARSH CLARK & STEFAN KANFER

TIME Essayist Stefan Kanfer, who wrote the story, approached his subject with remarkable detachment. Says he: "I never met Monroe, nor have I met Mailer. But Mailer never met Monroe either, so that makes us even in a way." Kanfer knew both his subjects' milieus in the way that counts, however, for he has been a frequent reviewer of both movies and books since coming to TIME in 1966 (he is also the author of a new study on the Hollywood blacklists of the 1950s, *A Journal of the Plague Years*). "Having read all of Mailer's books at least once, all I had to do was open them up again—they create their own excitement. And I've been staying up late to watch a lot of Marilyn Monroe movies on television lately. She still exerts a tidal pull. The fates are still working."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Montage, with photographs by Larry Schiller (Mailer) and Bert Stern (Monroe).

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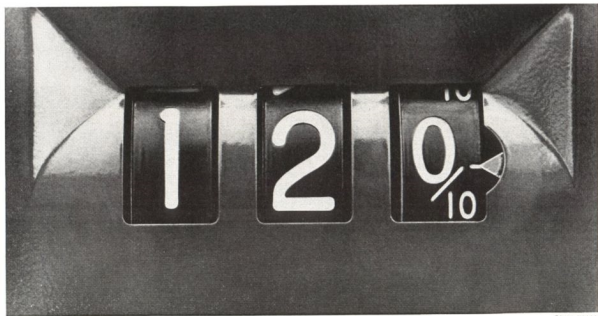
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LETTERS

Raising Goose-Pimples

Sir / Every hair on my body stood on end and I broke out with a rash of goose-pimples as I read "How John Dean Came Center Stage" [June 25]. How this inept—"low B average" and "gentlemanly C's"—second-marriage man was able to snuggle up beneath the arm pits of the highest office in the land is beyond comprehension.

To understand that he was in on monumental decisions that affect more than 200 million people of this land scares the living bejeepers out of me. May the saints preserve us from such muckleheaded youth.

EARLE R. HOLLAND
Atlanta

Sir / John Dean said, "My dad once told me that when you're cornered, there's only one thing to do—tell the truth."

On the other hand, my dear old dad raised me with this thought: "If you always tell the truth, you'll never have to worry about being cornered."

DIANE S. SODER
Lafayette, Calif.

Best of Friends

Sir / Leonid Brezhnev and President Nixon seemed to be the best of friends in Washington [June 25]. Brezhnev was smiling broadly, cracking jokes, drinking champagne and even embracing Nixon. But behind that facade of cordiality he could be scheming to stab the U.S. in the back when the time is ripe. His smiling face reminds me of the smiling faces of the Japanese diplomats assuring Cordell Hull of Japanese friendship only days before Pearl Harbor.

HAROLD B. JAFFE
Baltimore

Sir / I admire President Nixon for having opened the door to Communist China and the Soviet Union. We have no business to "make the world safe for democracy," nor should it be made safe for Communism or dictatorships. Since we all have to live together on this planet, coexistence should be our policy and we must have no more shooting wars.

GEORG PETERS
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir / Reading Brezhnev's remarks on Soviet Jewry has infuriated me. For him to say that there is no Jewish problem in Russia is to add insult to injury. Brezhnev actually has the audacity to make the traditionally obnoxious remark that "some of my closest friends have been Jews." Anti-Semites have been saying that for centuries.

ABBY FAY FINE
Richmond

Hunters v. Farmers

Sir / Although I concur—at least emotionally—with many of the statements on hunting in Paul Shepard's *The Tender Carnivore and the Sacred Game* [June 25], his vilification of the farmer is singularly obtuse and naive.

These followers of "the dulltest life man has ever lived" are more often avid hunters than are the urbane contemporaries of Dr. Shepard's academic community. It is quite true that they "do not make war," have a longer life expectancy than their city cousins, have no "squeamishness about taking creatures apart," are not vegetarians, and are far from a "fellowship of slaves"

since they represent the last individualistic, relatively independent minority in this country. In short, they seem to meet most criteria for classification as "fully human."

JOSEPH R. LEGENDRE
Chicago

Sir / Who will write the farmer's eulogy once you have strangled him to death?

TERESA QUIGGLE
Wray, Colo.

A Lovely Life

Sir / After nearly a lifetime of messing around in boats, I thoroughly enjoyed "Cruising: The Good Life Afloat" [June 18].

But just a word of caution from an old hand—first pick a country mouse for a wife, then add laundryman, dishwasher, chef and diplomat to Colvin's excellent list of useful sidelines. After circumnavigating the earth and making nine transatlantic passages under sail, I can still say it's a lovely life.

JAMES W. CRAWFORD
Easton, Md.

Sir / I am a quilter living in Noank, Conn., once a small fishing village. I am not a boat lover, nor would I particularly enjoy sailing rough or calm seas around the world, but I am a lover of "oddballs, dropouts or lubbing romantic. I greatly enjoyed your article on cruising. Incurable romantics desperately need to know about other incurable romantics, and to feel that they all have a much needed and special place in this world.

SHARON MCKAIN
Noank, Conn.

Sir / I read your article on the cruising sailors with great interest, and I cannot resist putting in a plug for our independent-study program. I am an instructor at the University of Nebraska Extension Division in high school correspondence. Quite a number of my students are living on yachts and cruising with their families in various and sundry places. Many of these students will receive their diplomas from the University of Nebraska Extension High School.

R. JOAN CARLBOM
Lincoln, Neb.

Material for a Minor Poet

Sir / John Collier's new book *Milton's Paradise Lost: A Screen Play for the Cinema of the Mind* [June 25] is symptomatic of a lazy modern imagination that would snip one of the finest achievements of the English language for "expansion" into another medium. The "lofty jawboning" that winds up on Collier's cutting-room floor would make the reputation of the most minor poet. And were Milton himself to return and view the proposed film, we might imagine him opting for the palpable darkness of his blindness.

PETER R. DERLOIS
Bloomington, Ill.

What's in a Word?

Sir / If "Jew" as an epithet of opprobrium is successfully banned from the *Oxford English Dictionary* [June 25], there are plenty of other people who might like a chance at revising the language. The gypsies and the Welsh will want to excise the verbs *gyp* and *welsh*. The Vandals are no

longer around to complain of vandalism, but the Slavs and the Bulgarians will surely object to slavery and buggery. Here in America the Indians can militate against Indian giver. There are enough words in the dictionary to offend anyone who likes to take offense.

PIERRE H. BEURBE
Burlington, Vt.

In Praise of Inge

Sir / How you could demean a man of Playwright William Inge's ability with words like "an engaging but minor talent" [June 25] is beyond my comprehension. William Inge gave the world hours of enjoyment, insight and warmth. He could move an audience to tears or laughter. He could make people feel—and that talent in anyone can never be called minor.

PAT GLASSER
San Rafael, Calif.

Sir / William Inge was a writer who was able to illuminate the secret hearts of those who live circumscribed lives. There is nothing minor about the gift of illumination.

ABRONTE WOODARD
Los Angeles

Honor Code

Sir / I read with interest your article "An End to Silence" [June 18]. I was a classmate of James Pelosi's before I resigned from the U.S. Military Academy in 1971. I am one who detested the academy and realized the degenerating effects of 170 years of warped tradition bent by insecure military minds. Despite this hatred and the often eccentric interpretations of the honor code by other cadets (I was accused of "lying" once when I answered "fried eggs" instead of "scrambled" after being asked the breakfast menu).

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LETTERS

I still firmly believe in the principles of the honor code. I look back on it as the single most respected part of my two-year cadet career. Imperfect as it is, the honor code is a model system in which 3,800 men in a closed society can and do trust in one another's word. It works!

EDWARD S. ZIOMEK JR.
Holbrook, Ariz.

Sir / Any hopes one might have had for today's crop of young officers ushering in a new era of military responsibility have been dashed by the Pelosi incident at West Point. Pelosi's alleged infraction pales when compared with the childish and even illegal behavior of his classmates. Where was the so-called honor committee when Pelosi's mail was being opened? Is this not still a federal crime? Was there any attempt made to apprehend and discipline those responsible?

I fervently hope for our sake as well as his, that 2nd Lieut. Pelosi's determination to overcome his handicap will prove successful. The new Army surely needs men like Pelosi.

DAVID F. TROUP
Fairborn, Ohio

Sir / I can only say: Leave the Army and its honored traditions alone. The Army has been defending this nation for 197 years and has done an excellent job of it. My friends and I are joining the Army shortly and are proud, unlike many others, to be soldiers.

ALAN J. PAUSEN
Bremerton, Wash.

Julie Eisenhower in Action

Sir / It is both admirable and touching that Julie Nixon Eisenhower has been defending her father in the battle of Watergate [June 25]. In pointing out some of her father's triumphs (the Russia trip, the China trip, controlling inflation—controlling inflation??), the young lady mentions that "there have been no major riots while my father has been in office."

The sun has not fallen from the sky. The moon appears on schedule every night. And the stars shine as brightly as ever. Should we also credit her father for these things?

MARK BERSON
New York City

Sluggo Brando

Sir / Bully for Brando for punching Ron Galella in the jaw [June 25]. Galella is not a photographer but an infantile nuisance.

R.P. WAGNER
Palisades Park, N.J.

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AMERICAN NOTES

Get-Well Card

During his 2½-year tenure, Ugandan Strongman Idi Amin Dada has had a few prankish and many sinister moments, as when he expressed his approval of Hitler and when he expelled 26,000 Asian residents from his country. Thus his personal Fourth-of-July message to President Nixon was, by Amin's standards, a mild enough antic. He started by congratulating the U.S. on Independence Day and commending the nation for its help "to those countries that were struggling against European colonialism." That said, he chided the U.S. for a tendency to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries and "to destroy human life on earth, particularly in the developing world."

Then came the unkindest cut. Signing off with an expression of "highest regard and esteem," Amin wished the President "a speedy recovery from the Watergate affair." Nixon was evidently not amused. The State Department said that the note was "totally unacceptable in substance and tone." As a result, the U.S. will send no ambassador to replace the one who was recalled last February, when Amin became too critical on the subject of Viet Nam.

The Neo-Revolutionists

At the start, the plans for the nation's bicentennial celebrations had an admirable future cast—model cities, rapid transit systems, the formulation of new goals. But with 1976 rapidly approaching, those dreams have largely dissolved into straightforward nostalgia. Leading the parade into the past will be Charleston, S.C., which has plans for a series of *son et lumière* historical tableaux and a 500-acre display site for revolutionary memorabilia, including a naval museum. The purpose: to remind the nation of the city's own illustrious role in the struggle for independence.

Convinced that schoolbooks give

short shrift to the South, the area's historians point out that the first large-scale patriot victory was won at Charleston's Fort Moultrie, that most of the war's combat took place in South Carolina, and that the southern colony sent more supplies than any other to the beleaguered garrison of Boston. Charleston, they remind us, even had its own tea party—seven kegs overboard.

Not content simply to reapportion the glory, Charleston's planners have defiantly set a revisionist date for Independence Day—July 2, 1776, the date the Declaration was approved (it was adopted on the 4th). They note that John Adams, the following day, wrote his wife that the second day of July "will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival"—well, in South Carolina, anyway.

Helm's Crusade

Last April, Washington state legislators decided that they were not being paid enough for the roughly 90 days per year they spend in Olympia, the capital. They accordingly voted themselves a 193% salary increase—from \$3,600 to \$10,560. At the same time, they raised the Governor's pay from \$32,500 to \$47,300, the Lieutenant Governor's from \$10,000 to \$22,000, and the state attorney general's from \$23,000 to \$37,950. A number of other salaries were also raised, the total increases amounting to \$1,359,059 annually.

The bill struck a nerve of Naderian outrage in a Seattle furniture salesman named Bruce Helm, 32. When the state supreme court upheld the new law—which incidentally gave supreme court justices a \$5,000 annual pay raise—Helm began organizing a campaign to place the salary issue on the state ballot in November. Helm and his friends had only 2½ weeks in which to raise the 117,902 voter signatures necessary to place their initiative on the ballot; similar efforts have required 60 days.

But a certain civic indignation seems to be in the air this summer. Vol-

unteers poured in to help. Families leaving on vacation stopped at Helm's headquarters, his father-in-law's furniture store, to pick up copies of the petition to distribute along their routes. Private pilots crisscrossed the state, dropping off petitions and picking them up. Ham operators set up a communications network to coordinate the drive. The Seattle *Times*, among others, endorsed the drive against "underhanded raids on the treasury." In some wonder, Helm observed: "This isn't just a grass-roots movement. It goes right down to the sod." By last week's filing deadline, the initiative calling for salary rollbacks had gathered almost 700,000 signatures, nearly six times as many as necessary and equivalent to one-third of the state's registered voters. Olympians, prepare for a wage freeze.

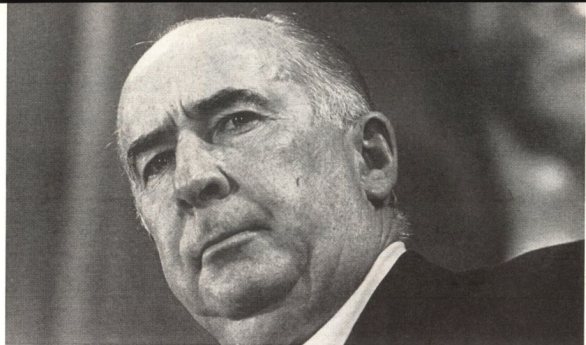
Operation Camp-Out

When Mrs. Ruth Egan of Salt Lake City first checked into the Latter-day Saints Hospital, she hardly had time to worry about costs. In the seventh month of pregnancy, she had suddenly begun to hemorrhage severely. But after eight days of care, her bill ran up to \$600. Worse, her doctor strongly recommended complete bed rest for an additional five weeks. At an estimated \$75 a day, that prospect proved too much for Husband Norman Egan, 36, a self-employed building contractor whose medical insurance covered only \$15 of the per diem costs.

Seizing the initiative, Egan drove the family camper into the hospital parking lot, moved his wife onto its cot, set himself up as cook and orderly, and arranged for the doctor to make daily visits. When Operation Camp-Out was over, Mrs. Egan had a bouncing 7-lb. 3-oz. baby girl, Egan \$2,500 in savings at the bank, and Hospital Administrator Brent L. Goates something to think about. He is now checking on the legality of Egan's solution, with the thought of preparing for more campers in the future.

BOOKS TO BROOD BY IN WINDOW OF WASHINGTON'S SIDNEY KRAMER BOOKSTORE, JUST A STROLL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE





THE ERVIN COMMITTEE'S NEXT WITNESS: FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL & NIXON CAMPAIGN MANAGER JOHN MITCHELL

THE HEARINGS

John Mitchell Takes the Stand

The penetrating glare of Senator Sam Ervin's Watergate committee focuses this week on the President's closest political confidant—and most devoted loyalist—former Attorney General John Newton Mitchell. Mitchell was a Manhattan law partner of Richard Nixon, his campaign manager in 1968, and headed Nixon's re-election drive in 1972 until two weeks after the Watergate arrests. Even after that Mitchell continued to talk with the President almost daily throughout Nixon's triumphant re-election year. If the President is truly as innocent in the scandal as he claims, no one is in a better position to know and proclaim it than Mitchell. On the other hand, if Nixon is guilty, no one is less likely to admit it than the same John Mitchell.

New Challenge. In the five weeks of public testimony thus far, the basic allegations of Watergate wrongdoing on the part of President Nixon's closest former associates have been laboriously detailed by subordinates, most of whom willingly admitted their own illegal or improper acts. Now, beginning with Mitchell, the Senate Select Committee faces a new and more difficult challenge: how to assess the testimony of more important witnesses who sharply deny the accumulated accusations against them.

Terse and taciturn, Mitchell was expected to present no opening statement to the committee. It will be up to the Senators and the counsels to elicit whatever information Mitchell possesses. Yet countless questions should come

readily to mind, since Mitchell has been repeatedly cited by other witnesses as a key figure in both the illegal political espionage at the Democratic National Headquarters and the multiple law-breaking involved in its concealment.

Although he was the nation's highest law-enforcement officer in a self-proclaimed law-and-order Administration, Mitchell has been accused of sitting calmly in his office through two meetings at which plans for such crimes as kidnaping, prostitution, mugging, burglary and wiretapping were presented—and objecting only that they were not what he had in mind and would cost too much. He was accused by Jeb Stuart Magruder, former deputy director of the Nixon re-election committee, of having approved the Watergate wiretapping plans at a third meeting in Key Biscayne, Fla., after he became Nixon's campaign director. Magruder, moreover, contended that Mitchell saw the wiretapping summaries, as well as some photographs of Democratic documents taken by the burglars, and was so angry at the poor results that the wiretappers made their second—and bungled—break-in on June 17, 1972.

After the arrests at the Watergate, according to the testimony of former Presidential Counsel John Dean, Mitchell took part in frequent discussions on how the involvement of officials ranking higher than the seven arrested conspirators could be kept secret. These discussions included 1) plans for Magruder to give perjured testimony to prosecutors and the grand jury; 2) efforts to

get the CIA to provide covert funds to keep the arrested burglars quiet; and when that failed, 3) using Nixon campaign funds for that same silencing purpose. Dean claimed that it was at Mitchell's direction that he successfully sought the approval of Nixon Aides H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman to get the President's personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, to raise and deliver the hush money.

TIME has learned how Mitchell intended to handle these and other questions when, as seems certain, they are asked. His major points:

► He did indeed attend the two celebrated meetings at which G. Gordon Liddy, the former White House "plumber" and Nixon committee counsel, presented his fantastic and illegal political-intelligence-gathering plans. But Mitchell was prepared to deny flatly that he approved the plans at a third meeting, as claimed by Magruder. In this he will be backed by one of his former assistants, Frederick LaRue, who attended that controversial meeting.

► Mitchell was set to argue that since he had rejected Liddy's plans, he thought they had been killed, and therefore he saw no obligation to take any action as Attorney General against Liddy. He will make a dubious distinction between discussing an illegal plan and committing a criminal act—even though the Justice Department, under Mitchell, conducted several conspiracy prosecutions against antiwar advocates, including the Rev. Philip Berrigan, for



FORMER NIXON ATTORNEY KALMBACH
Some questions about his client.

crimes that were never carried out, such as the kidnapping of Henry Kissinger.

► He was ready to deny stoutly that he ever saw any of the "Gemstone" reports on the intercepted conversations at Democratic headquarters and thus had nothing to do with inspiring the June 17 break-in, which was designed to improve the operation of the illegal eavesdropping equipment.

► He intended to contend, as did John Dean, that he still does not know who finally did approve the wiretapping plans, but would claim that it must have been someone in the White House. Privately, Mitchell has told friends that he suspects that it was either Ehrlichman or former Special Counsel Charles W. Colson.

► As for Nixon, Mitchell was ready to insist adamantly that the President knew nothing about the intelligence-gathering plans in advance and nothing about the elaborate cover-up activities until last March 21, when Nixon claims to have initiated a new investigation of his own. Mitchell based this contention, which directly contradicts testimony by his former protégé Dean, on his numerous conversations with the President. Mitchell concedes that he apologized to Nixon for not having supervised the re-election committee more closely when the two discussed his resignation from the committee two weeks after the Watergate arrests, but he insists that his main reason for resigning was personal. His wife Martha wanted him to leave politics.

Will Mitchell's story—and his credibility—hold up? A private man who tends to shun public forums, Mitchell is unpredictable as a witness. His hands often tremble, and under pressure his voice quavers. His attorney, William G. Hundley, had asked the Ervin committee to excuse Mitchell from testifying, not only because he is a prime target of the Watergate criminal prosecutors, but because he might not be emotionally fit for the ordeal.

It is conceivable that Magruder could have been wrong in claiming that Mitchell approved the Liddy wiretapping plans. He could have misunderstood Mitchell's always succinct but often enigmatic language ("When the going gets tough, the tough get going"). Or Magruder, an admitted perjurer, could have been lying to protect someone in the White House by pinpointing Mitchell.

The most difficult part of Mitchell's testimony to accept may be his insistence that in all of his conversations with the President throughout 1972, the two never candidly discussed Watergate. If Mitchell was aware of many of the cover-up activities, as he admits, it seems incredible that he did not tell Nixon about them.

The testimonies of Mitchell and Dean on Nixon's knowledge about Watergate are thus expected to be in direct conflict. Dean claims that Nixon was fully aware of the cover-up conspiracy at least as early as Sept. 15.

While the Ervin committee had sought to find some way to question the President about this and many other conflicts in testimony, those hopes were dashed last week. Nixon sent a letter to Ervin claiming that it was his "constitutional responsibility" to decline to appear personally before the Senate committee "under any circumstances" or to

provide various White House documents requested by the committee. To do so, Nixon claimed, "would move us from proper presidential cooperation with a Senate committee to jeopardizing the fundamental constitutional role of the presidency." Nixon, in short, was selectively reasserting claims of Executive privilege that he had seemed to abandon earlier when he lifted his self-proclaimed ban on any Senate testimony by his top aides. This renewed insulation of documents could be designed to protect such aides as Haldeman and Ehrlichman against possibly incriminating papers in the files of future, cooperative White House witnesses. Nixon did say, however, that he will "at an appropriate time during the hearings, address publicly" the Watergate charges.

The committee hopes to wind up the present phase of its investigation by Aug. 4, when the congressional summer recess begins. Yet it still has a list of some 20 witnesses to be heard, including such key figures as Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Kalmbach. The latter, who is mysterious and publicity-shy, is scheduled to follow Mitchell in the televised testimony. He can presumably link Ehrlichman and Haldeman with the hush-money payments. He will undoubtedly be asked by the Senators about any Watergate conversations he may have had with his client Nixon.

CAMPAIGN FINANCING

Giving the American Way

Though at first denying its existence, President Nixon's campaign fund-raising officials kept a secret list of some of their most generous 1972 contributors. The list, which apparently includes the names of some large corporations, was kept in the office of Nixon's secretary, Rose Mary Woods. Under court pressure from a civil suit, it was surrendered by the White House and later turned over to the staff of Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox (*see THE LAW*). Last week "Rosemary's baby," as Cox investigators call the list, bit the first of the many hands that had fed it. American Airlines voluntarily announced that it had illegally contributed \$55,000 to the Nixon re-election campaign.

However confusing the campaign-contribution laws may be, both the old and the new have plainly outlawed donations from corporations. Nevertheless, American Airlines Chairman George A. Spater claimed that Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's ubiquitous former personal attorney, had asked the company for \$100,000. Adding insult, Kalmbach at the time also represented American's major rival, United Air Lines. Moreover, American urgently needed friends in Washington. It was trying to merge with Western Airlines—a move that required both White House and Civil Aeronautics Board ap-

proval. Despite the donation, the CAB later rejected the merger and President Nixon agreed with the decision.

Explained Spater: "I knew Mr. Kalmbach to be both the President's personal counsel and counsel for our major competitor. I concluded that a substantial response was called for." Kalmbach's attorney promptly denied any wrongdoing in his solicitation of American. With considerable justification, Spater, assailing the campaign laws, claimed: "A large part of the money raised from the business community for political purposes is given in fear of what would happen if it were not given." He said corporate giving is so common as to constitute "a national problem."

Shrewdly, Prosecutor Cox sent tremors through U.S. board rooms by suggesting that other corporations might want to admit giving similar illegal contributions before his staff digs out all of the details. American's voluntary action, he said, is "a mitigating circumstance in deciding what charges to bring" against the company. Officers of corporations found in "willful" violation of the law can be fined up to \$10,000 and imprisoned for two years. Cox added that he means business: "Whether [the corporations] come forward or not, we intend to get to the bottom of illegal funding practices."

FAMILIES

Learning to Live With the Scandal

On a recent Saturday afternoon, one of the men deeply enmeshed in Watergate was driving along 21st Street in downtown Washington, his considerable difficulties very much on his mind. He started a left turn from a center lane and almost caused a wreck. A policeman waved him to the curb and asked to see his driver's license. The officer looked at the name, glanced at the face and said, "Buddy, you've got enough trouble," as he waved Jeb Stuart Magruder on his way.

Such grace notes are rare for those involved in the Watergate scandal. From the grim prospect of the head of the household being carried off to jail to the daily annoyance of newsmen camping on the front lawn, the serial Watergate disclosures have made life for the implicated men and their families a time of anguish, anxiety and day-to-day uncertainty.

The immediate problem faced by most of the men is that they are out of work. Many of them are lawyers, and they face—if ultimately convicted—automatic disbarment and will have to find new professions. Some, like former White House Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman, have simply refused to think about work for a while—and can afford to. He has inherited wealth. Others, like onetime Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman, would like to take a job but feel they must wait until Watergate is unsnarled. Ehrlichman and his wife Jeanne have five children—Peter, 23; Jan, 20; Thomas, 18; Jody, 15; and Robert, 13—and are planning to move from Washington back home to Seattle next month.

Big Loss. One who found a job was former White House Aide Herbert Porter. In March he landed a \$40,000-a-year post with a Los Angeles communications company, but he lost it when a major client raised eyebrows at Porter's presence. Porter, his wife Carol and their three children are now living with his in-laws in Laguna Niguel, Calif. He had bought a \$92,000 house in San Marino, Calif., then had to back out of the deal at a loss of almost \$10,000. Said a friend: "When you don't have a job, the lending companies aren't keen about providing you with \$65,000. He couldn't buy a \$92,000 house on his good looks."

None for all, of course, are the perks and status of their former high-powered Washington roles. Men who used to travel by chauffeured White House limousine have once again got used to driving the family car. Haldeman was seen not long ago in Washington catching a bus on K Street, and a couple of reporters recently spotted John Ehrlich-



PETER HALDEMAN



JODY EHRLICHMAN



ANN HALDEMAN LEAVING HOME



JEB MAGRUDER, WIFE GAIL (IN POLKA-DOT SHIRT) & WHITNEY (LEFT) AFTER RAFT TRIP

man on foot—walking across McPherson Square on the way to his lawyer's office, eyes straight ahead. About the only vestige of official advantages left is the gesture made by the Committee for the Re-Election of the President for its former officials; it is helping with their legal fees in preparing their testimony before the Senate, before grand juries, and in fighting the various civil suits growing out of the scandal. The aid does not apply to coping with any criminal charges.

The Washington social whirl now almost entirely passes the Watergate families by. The Ehrlichmans, once one of the city's most sought-after couples, seldom go out except to Christian Science church meetings Wednesday night and Sunday morning. Jeanne Ehrlichman continued to tutor black ghetto youngsters in remedial reading and math until the school year ended, and has gone on working as a volunteer for the Washington National Symphony. The couple stopped accepting social in-

vitations because, Jeanne explained to one would-be hostess, "it would be awkward. It might be embarrassing to you." The women in Jeanne Ehrlichman's beauty shop were anxious about her first visit there after her husband's resignation April 30. "They were all nervous," says a friend, "they didn't know what they were going to say. Jeanne came in, and five minutes later everyone was at ease."

The Watergate families get away whenever they can. The Ehrlichmans were sailing in Virgin Islands waters last week. After his committee appearance, Magruder, wife Gail and two of their children took a raft trip down West Virginia's Shenandoah River. The Haldemans have cleared out entirely. The family accepted the offer of Los Angeles Stockbroker Warren Harding Crowell to lend them his \$750,000, seven-room house in Newport Beach, Calif. En route west, the Haldemans stopped at the University of Minnesota for the *summa cum laude* graduation

of daughter Susan; they have three other children—Hank, 19; Peter, 17; and Ann, 15. They are now ensconced on tiny Harbor Island, an exclusive community with a single access bridge where their home is guarded by private security agents, and they can spend time soaking up sun sailing, and for the most part successfully fending off the press.

Perhaps hardest to measure yet most deeply scarring is the effect the scandal is having on the children of Watergate families. Though some of these children now find their fathers spend more time at home, the relentless televised hearings often bring caustic remarks from schoolmates and friends. Chief White House Plumber Egil Krogh's young son Peter was riding past the Executive Mansion one day in a bus on a school outing. His classmates booed the White House, and reduced Peter to tears.

Watergate has been especially trying for Peter Haldeman. This spring, after repeated warnings, he was expelled from his private school because of his insolence to teachers and his flat refusal to do required work. Compassionate faculty members saw his rebellion as an anguished reaction to Watergate. Whitney Magruder, 12, has had some painful moments at St. Albans' School ("He's had to keep a stiff upper lip," says one teacher), but has endured occasional taunts from schoolmates so bravely that the school's headmaster wrote his parents to say how well the boy had done.

"The worst thing," says Jeb Magruder, "has been the press hounding us just outside the door and the kids not understanding why." Magruder has gone over his back fence several times to avoid cameras and microphones waiting for him in front of his house, and twice the family has been forced to spend the night with nearby friends. When Gail Magruder looked out her window one day and saw a TV reporter about to interview young Whitney as he came from school, she rushed out and grabbed the child away, yelling, "Leave my son alone!" Young Robert Ehrlichman, 13,

is learning adult rituals quickly. The Ehrlichmans accept the reporters as one accepts crab grass, and Robert spoke knowingly to them as he left one morning for school: "My dad isn't going out this morning. My dad has no comment."

WHITE HOUSE

Nixon's Lawyers

Throughout his third week at the Western White House, Richard Nixon made a noticeable effort to conduct business as usual. He conferred with China's representative to the U.S., Huang Chen, in what was presumably an effort to solicit Peking's help in bringing about a negotiated truce in Cambodia (see THE WORLD). In a garden ceremony, he swore in James R. Schlesinger as Secretary of Defense. He chatted with Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, the pioneer Houston heart surgeon, about Soviet-American relations. The White House said that the President was interested in hearing DeBakey's impressions of a recent visit to Moscow. But most observers took the meeting to be a peace offering to the prickly DeBakey, a Nixon supporter whose name had unaccountably turned up on the list of White House "enemies" that John W. Dean III had given the Ervin committee the week before.

Despite the purposeful normality, a certain edginess hung in the Pacific air. It was most bizarrely evident in a partial repudiation by the White House of a statement by the President's own daughter, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, who celebrated her 25th birthday at San Clemente last week. In a birthday interview, Julie, who alone in the family has been traveling and speaking around the U.S. in her father's defense, repeated an anecdote she had told before (TIME, June 25): how her father had asked his



LEONARD GARMENT

J. FRED BUZHARDT

Like a small country law firm.

family in May, as the Watergate scandal unfolded, if he should resign in the national interest. This time, in the holiday paucity of news, the story got front-page play across the country.

The White House reacted quickly and a bit nervously. Deputy Press Secretary Gerald L. Warren called in reporters to deny that the President had ever contemplated leaving the White House. The family discussion, he added, did not constitute "a serious consideration of resigning." But this view clashed directly with Julie's assertion that "I think it was more than just a rhetorical question. I think he really thought 'Will this end everything?'"

Perhaps the only plausible rationale for the President's correcting his daughter's harmless and human narrative of a family discussion is the White House obsession with maintaining an image of Nixon far above the tawdry Watergate battle: presidentially innocent, confident, unconcerned. That effort might also explain why the White House assiduously kept secret the identity of one of Nixon's visitors from Washington last week. TIME has learned that the special counsel to the President, J. Fred Buzhardt, made a furtive one-day flying stop at San Clemente. The visit, which undoubtedly dealt with Nixon's letter on Executive privilege, underscored the emergence of Buzhardt as Nixon's chief strategist and defense counsel for the Watergate affair.

Among Buzhardt's decidedly mixed contributions to the presidential cause have been:

- 1) his preparation of Nixon's 4,000-word statement of May 22, in which the President explained that he had limited the FBI investigation of Watergate for national-security reasons;
- 2) his cooperation with Fred D. Thompson, the Ervin committee's chief minority counsel, in preparing the painfully defensive White House version of Nixon's meetings with Dean;
- 3) his preparation of a list of 41 questions that Hawaii's Senator Daniel K. Inouye obligingly asked Dean; and
- 4) his articulation in a memo for

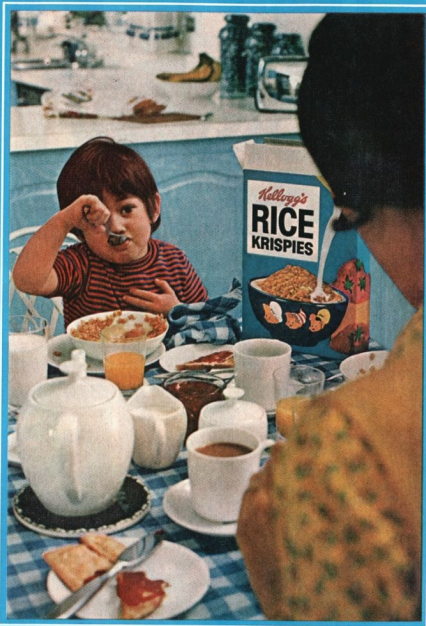
"That is a very good question and one I shall answer at an appropriate time . . . next question . . . ?"



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NUTRIENT	Percent MDR in —	
	Rice Krispies (1 oz.)	Rice Krispies with 1/2 cup Whole Milk**
VITAMIN A	33%	37%
VITAMIN D	33%	45% **
VITAMIN C	33%	37%
NIACIN	33%	34%
THIAMINE (B-1)	33%	37%
RIBOFLAVIN (B-2)	33%	50%
IRON	7%	7%
PHOSPHORUS	3%	18%
CALCIUM	—	19%
***VITAMIN B ₆	0.6 mg	0.65 mg
***VITAMIN B ₁₂	1.6 mcg	2.1 mcg
***MAGNESIUM	15.2 mg	31.1 mg

TYPICAL NUTRITIONAL COMPOSITION

	RICE KRISPIES	
	% of Total Serving	Amount in 1 oz.
Protein	6.5%	1.6 gm
Fat	1.3%	0.4 gm
Carbohydrates	86.5%	24.5 gm
Calories	109	189

*Whole milk values derived from USDA Handbook No. 8

and USDA Report No. 36.

**Vitamin D fortified milk at 400 USP units/quart.

***Minimum daily requirements have not been established.

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The sooner a doctor can diagnose heart trouble, the better the chance of survival.

GE has developed an X-ray camera that takes movies of the heart in action.

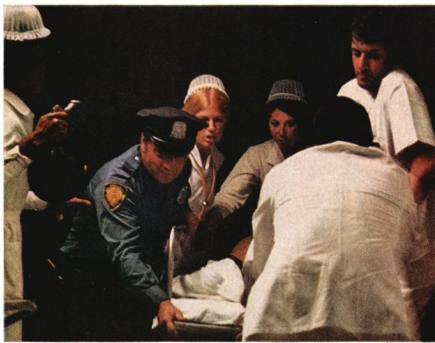
One thing that makes this camera possible is a technology pioneered by General Electric called image intensification. It allows the doctor to take sharp, clear X-ray movies using small amounts of radiation.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE NATION

the Ervin committee of the scarcely credible thesis that the diffident Dean was the "mastermind" of the cover-up and Former Attorney General John N. Mitchell was Dean's "patron."

The White House subsequently disassociated Nixon from Buzhardt's memo, a maneuver that TIME Correspondent Dean E. Fischer interprets as "part of Nixon's strategy of using Buzhardt to launch trial balloons and then dissociating himself from his Special Counsel if he thinks the balloons have been punctured."

Buzhardt's partner in defending the President is Leonard Garment, Dean's successor as White House counsel, and both men are advised in their efforts by University of Texas Law Professor Charles Alan Wright, a leading constitutional expert.

The two principal lawyers for the President, Buzhardt and Garment, could hardly be less alike and still effectively serve Richard Nixon. Buzhardt (pronounced Buzz-ard), 49, is a shy, almost contemplative South Carolina conservative, monosyllabic, unflappable and extremely hardworking. Garment, also 49, is the suave, articulate, Brooklyn-born son of Jewish immigrants who, in his earlier years on the White House staff, devoted himself primarily to sensitive civil rights problems and successfully pushed for increased Government assistance for the arts.

Aloof Client. Despite their dissimilarities, the two men seem to work easily together in what both describe as a particularly difficult job. Says Garment: "There are roughly 500 lawyers and investigators on the other side. We're like a small country law firm. We're in the peculiar position of being isolated from the Justice Department, and of not being able to develop information from the people involved in Watergate." Since they cannot interview witnesses directly—for reasons of "propriety," as Garment puts it—and since the client has reportedly remained aloof and generally uncommunicative, the White House lawyers have been obliged to rely heavily on sworn civil depositions and testimony and on whatever they can glean from news clippings.

During Dean's testimony before the Ervin committee, Buzhardt and Garment monitored the televised hearings, read the Washington and New York papers and the wire service tapes, and most evenings they managed to monitor all three network news broadcasts, often working as many as 15 hours a day in preparing the White House case. But last week they eased up a bit, in the belief that they had little to fear from the remaining witnesses.

When asked if he was worried about John Mitchell's appearance before the committee this week, one of the White House lawyers replied: "No. From everything I can tell, he's not going to get us into trouble. It looks as if the worst is over."

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

A Watergate by the Sea?

They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

—Attributed to Talleyrand, speaking of the Bourbons

Since the Nixon Administration resembles a monarchy in so many other ways, perhaps it is only natural that the above quote so aptly describes the way the White House is now answering questions about how the President acquired his luxurious San Clemente home.

Far from diminishing the suspicion that there was something funny in the deal, Nixon and his agents kindle it. Rather than taking even a quick look back over their disastrous Watergate scenario, they have walked onstage with the same old script. In short, they act guilty whether they are or not.

The latest episode occurred last week in the San Clemente Inn. Press Secretary Ron Ziegler, in his dark business suit and button-down attitude, strode into the dim chamber with all of his pre-Watergate assurance on display.

After a full year of the grossest kind of misguidance from this man, his presence triggers in reporters a salivation of distrust. He is a symbol of the Watergate infamy. He is the mouthpiece who in a singular exercise of political absolutism dismissed official lying by declaring statements "inoperative." Whether he was an innocent victim of Watergate, as John Dean asserted, seems almost irrelevant. His presence on the San Clemente podium suggests that the White House considers the new issue so touchy it is sending out its top defender. Get ready to be misinformed.

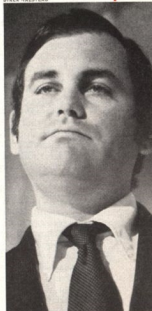
Ziegler began casually enough with an account of the President busy in his office, conferring with aides, signing bills, making ambassadorial appointments. Then came the message, one of those carefully rehearsed explosions of indignation. The story in the Los Angeles Times that Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox had begun an inquiry into the purchase of the San Clemente home was denied "categorically," a favorite term from the Watergate manual. The President was "appalled," reported Ziegler. That has been his condition for months. The story in the newspaper, continued the press secretary, was "malicious, ill-founded and scurrilous." Those are all terms used repeatedly, with that exquisite Ziegler rote, in the Watergate cover-up. In a very basic Pavlovian sense, they were signals to anyone listening that there must be something to the story and the White House must again be frightened. Tentative conclusion: another Watergate.

Ziegler then went through a familiar routine, like an old western actor who can never get out of the saddle. He quoted Cox as denying that there was any consideration of a special investigation, but he left out Cox's acknowledgment that the prosecutor's office was indeed collecting information about Nixon's homes. Ziegler trotted out another Watergate tactic by referring back to a "precise, accurate, factual" statement issued in May on the San Clemente purchase. It was not a precise statement. It veiled the details of the investment company set up by Nixon's friend Robert Abplanalp to purchase about 20 acres of the estate for \$1.25 million. It also ignored totally the fact that in October 1972 the White House had said the land had not been sold, while the new statement said the land had been sold in 1970. That bit of misinformation occurred, said Ziegler, because to put it in last year's statement would have been "not appropriate," a term as devious as "inoperative."

If Ziegler had any misgivings about his performance, he did not show them when he gathered up his notes and walked back out into the California sunshine. Every indication was that when he was beyond the reach of camera lenses and the angry, unanswered questions and safely in the beautiful presidential cocoon, he was as convinced as ever that he had successfully shielded the President, who up until now has apparently lived in the same illusion.

There was, however, one faint flicker of doubt from the kingly San Clemente hilltop last week. The Washington Post's thoughtful correspondent Carroll Kilpatrick reported that in a meeting with one of his aides, Nixon had hammered the desk in his frustration and anger over the fact that nobody seemed to pay attention to his statements. If that is true, then maybe—just maybe—the White House Bourbons are about to lose some of their well-founded reputation for learning nothing and forgetting nothing.

DUCK WALSTEAD



RONALD ZIEGLER

THE CONGRESS

Contingency Planning

As John Dean's testimony spilled across the nation's television screens, few spectators watched with more anxious attention than the leaders of the House of Representatives, where, under the Constitution, any impeachment proceedings against the President of the U.S. must begin. Until Dean's appearance two weeks ago, the leaders of the House have steadfastly refused to contemplate the momentous question: How would they organize and deal with the horrifying and cataclysmic event of Richard Nixon's impeachment?

Reluctantly, privately, they concluded that that thinking and tentative planning must commence, reported TIME's congressional correspondent Neil MacNeil, a 24-year veteran of Capitol Hill. Observing that Dean had not been shaken in his five days of devastating testimony, a House leader concluded that the real possibility of impeachment proceedings must be faced. Said he: "I don't see how we can avoid considering it."

Any day now, the leadership knows, a member may demand recognition and then offer that highest of privileged motions: the impeachment of the President. Already at least one Congressman, Democrat John Moss of California, has his staff at work on a dossier of alleged offenses that might warrant such action.

For now the House leaders' strategy in such a case would be to move to table an impeachment motion in order to give the leadership more time to weigh how to proceed. The motion could be referred to the Judiciary Committee, but the leaders would prefer a special select committee made up exclusively of lawyers in the House who would be men and women "beyond influence." Such a committee, should it ever be required, said one House leader last week, "must be simon-pure."

P.O.W.S

Tarnished Homecoming

The Nixon Administration wanted nothing to mar the triumphant return of the U.S. prisoners of war from Viet Nam. Melvin R. Laird, then Secretary of Defense, declared that no returned P.O.W. would be prosecuted for propaganda statements made under the duress of captivity. The Pentagon discouraged former prisoners from bringing misconduct charges against one another. But along with the red-carpet welcomes, free visits to Walt Disney World and dinner on the White House lawn, some bitter recriminations began to emerge. In two separate cases, an Air Force colonel and an admiral, both of whom had been imprisoned, brought charges of collaboration with the enemy against fellow prisoners.



KAVANAUGH'S WIDOW AT FUNERAL

After the red carpet welcome, bitter recriminations.



COLONEL GUY IN HOLIDAY PARADE

In the first case, Air Force Colonel Theodore W. Guy charged (TIME, June 11) eight enlisted men with accepting favors from their North Vietnamese captors in return for making antiwar statements and giving information about P.O.W. organization. After a delayed and apparently superficial investigation, the Army and Navy last week dismissed the charges for lack of evidence. For one of those accused, the news came too late. A week before, Marine Sergeant Abel ("Larry") Kavanaugh, 24, had put a bullet through his brain in his father-in-law's bedroom in Commerce City, Colo. The second suicide among the returned P.O.W.s, Kavanaugh had no history of mental depression and was a confirmed skeptic about U.S. involvement in the war.

Kavanaugh's suicide underscored the cruelty of allowing Colonel Guy's charges to hang in the air for six weeks and spurred the Pentagon announcement that the remaining seven men would not be put on trial. But it brought scant comfort to Kavanaugh's widow, who bitterly charged that "the Government murdered my husband." She is considering a lawsuit against Guy and the Pentagon for damages, based, perhaps, on "malicious prosecution." The State Department expert on P.O.W. affairs, Frank A. Sieverts, commented on Kavanaugh's death: "It could have been the captivity and then the specter of public humiliation through a court proceeding. Perhaps we'll never know, but you can't help but wonder."

Still awaiting a ruling by the Navy is the second case, brought by Rear Admiral James B. Stockdale. He has accused Navy Captain Walter E. Wilber and Marine Lieut. Colonel Edison W. Miller of mutiny, refusal to obey orders and aiding the enemy. Directed against high-ranking officers within his own service, Stockdale's charges are considered

more serious. Like Guy, Stockdale did not want to bring the charges but felt an obligation to other prisoners to do his duty, even at the cost of tarnishing the P.O.W.s' heroes' welcome.

CALIFORNIA

Car Poll

California has long been considered synonymous with automania—unlimited cars, freeways, mobility. As for the air pollution, well, Californians supposedly shrug it off, like rain. In two new statewide surveys, however, the California Poll organization discovered that:

► Sixty-two percent of Californians are in favor of building rail rapid-transit lines, even at an increased tax cost of \$100 a year per family.

► Sixty-two percent back the much criticized Clean Air Act of 1970, even if Detroit is threatened with partial shutdowns for failure to meet the law's strict requirements.

► Fifty-five percent favor the law's requirement that cars and trucks have antipollution devices, even if those devices cost \$300 per car.

► Seventy-four percent believe that the automakers "could be doing more" to reduce air pollution.

► Fifty-five percent think that the schedule for installing effective exhaust-control equipment by 1976 is "about right"; another 27% think the schedule is "too slow."

Least these findings give anyone the wrong idea, the California Poll also reveals that Californians are not about to abandon their freewheeling ways. Fully 76% of the respondents rejected the notion of closing off certain freeways to discourage "excessive driving," and 56% oppose a drastic slowdown in the state's freeway-building program.



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What's "it"?

"It" is a unique recessed filter system: Cellulose fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine, and a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels.

"It" is a rousing good taste that low "tar" and nicotine smokers swear by.

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"I swear
you can really
taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.



The fishing is best
when it's early.

86 Proof • Early Times Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. © 1973



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you can
get a fine
watch and find
friendship and
adventure for just
\$10.95

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KENNEDY & WALLACE SHARING PLATFORM DURING THE FOURTH OF JULY FESTIVITIES IN DECATUR, ALA.

POLITICS

George and Teddy Harmonize

My brothers believed in the dignity of man. How can those who stood with them support a man whose agents used cattle prods and dogs against human beings in Alabama?

The words were those of Senator Edward Kennedy, spoken in 1968 about George Wallace, then a spoiler candidate for President. Last week, at a remarkable political hoedown in Decatur, Ala., a more conciliatory Kennedy delivered the principal speech at a ceremony honoring Governor Wallace with a patriotism award. The sight of Wallace and Kennedy sharing a Fourth of July platform bedecked with plastic bunting gave the bitterly divided Democratic Party at least a momentary illusion of unity not seen since the early Lyndon Johnson era. "A Democratic love fest," was the description gleefully offered by Democratic Party Chairman Robert Strauss, a self-invited guest who, in his ice-cream white suit, looked the part of a river-boat gambler whose luck was about to change. His opposition seemed to agree: the Republican publication *Monday* called Kennedy's trip "Operation Turncoat."

The occasion was Decatur's annual "Spirit of America" jamboree, a kind of down-home Independence Day folk fair started in 1967 to provide conservative counterpoint to antiwar demonstrations north of the Mason-Dixon line. It had all the trappings of a traditional Southern political gathering.

The idea of putting Wallace and Kennedy on the same platform grew out of a spat between the local Jaycee president and his wife, who claimed Decatur could not attract big-name speakers. But what brought together the man who became famous for his segregationist stand in a schoolhouse door a dec-

ade ago and the brother of the President who ordered him out of it? It was compelling political necessity. Wallace wants a major voice for his conservative style of "little folks" politics in Democratic Party forums. Kennedy wants to reunite the McGovernite left with the center of the party and recapture the South for the Democrats.

For Kennedy, the trip was an encouraging foray into the region of the country where he might expect the greatest hostility as a presidential candidate in 1976. The Kennedy charisma worked its usual magic on a crowd of some 10,000 mired in ankle-deep mud following torrential rain at Point Mallard Park on the Tennessee River. His speech, an attack on President Nixon, a low-key reference to the race issue and an appeal for more equitable taxation, was frequently interrupted by applause.

Olive Branch. The Watergate scandal has sufficiently disillusioned even pro-Nixon Southerners to give Kennedy a convenient text to lambaste the President and the current Administration without necessarily alienating voters in a state that overwhelmingly supported Nixon in 1972. Kennedy accused Nixon's White House guard of "dismembering the spirit of our Revolution and the protections of the Constitution." Echoing Wallace's brand of populism, Kennedy blasted the Administration for "imposing a heavy burden of taxation upon every workingman, permitting a wealthy few to withhold their fair contribution to the costs of the nation." On race, the Senator extended an olive branch: "Let no one think I lecture you about that racial injustice which has proven to be as deeply embedded and resistant in the cities of the North as in the counties of the South." But he add-

ed: "We are no more entitled to oppress a man for his color than to shoot a man for his beliefs."

Wallace drew an enthusiastic ovation when he pulled himself up from his wheelchair to stand on the podium. He welcomed a Kennedy to Alabama, saying, "No other family in the U.S. and across the world has suffered so much or lost more in public service." He drew a line between himself and Kennedy only in his hawkish stand on the U.S. military posture: "The U.S. must remain No. 1 offensively and defensively."

Some of Kennedy's liberal following was outraged at his new-found friendliness with a man they consider a racist demagogue. Alabama Author William Bradford Huie publicly denounced the Senator's trip in a three-page open letter to Kennedy claiming that Wallace was re-elected Governor in 1970 "only by intensifying racial hate and fear." "For Christ's sake," exploded another liberal Alabama Democrat, "there are thousands of good Democrats in this state who have fought Wallace and all he stands for all their political lives. Now this."

Yet while there were few blacks in the crowd, and Black Leader Joe Reed encouraged blacks to boycott the meeting, a growing spirit of pragmatic cooperation with Wallace was signaled by the presence of three black Alabama mayors and a black probate judge on the platform. Black Tuskegee Mayor Johnny Ford said to Wallace, "God bless you, we are with you, our great Governor." Added A.J. Cooper Jr., chairman of the Alabama Conference of Black Mayors: "Whether the Governor likes it or not, black people in Alabama are a political force to be reckoned with. And whether we like it or not, the Governor is a political force in this state and the nation." The last proposition is one with which Edward Kennedy clearly agrees, and would like to employ to his advantage should he run in '76.

POLICY

Crisis in Money and Trade

As seen from Europe and Japan, U.S. international economic policy is a mess. The Nixon Administration appears confused and confusing, showing open disregard for its trading partners, taking actions that run counter to its announced determination to correct the steadily shrinking value of the dollar overseas, the massive U.S. balance of payments deficit and the continuing American trade gap. Last week foreigners were shocked by a new and ominous U.S. policy: the imposition of controls on exports of farm commodities and steel scrap, a move the Administration insists is necessary to build up domestic supplies and hold down raging U.S. prices.

The controls will create shortages and aggravate inflation overseas. Under a new licensing system, U.S. exporters can now ship no more than 50% of the soybean orders that they had on hand as of June 13, and 40% of the orders for soybean meal. No orders after that will be filled until October at the earliest. To head off a rush by foreigners to buy substitute feed supplements, the Administration slammed a total embargo on 41 other commodities, retroactive to June 13; they include edible oils, animal fats and such livestock feeds as linseed-oil cake and peanut meal. The restraints could cost the U.S. about \$500 million in lost exports of soybeans alone.

In addition, the White House clamped an almost total embargo on exports of iron and steel scrap. Steelmakers contend that surging foreign demand has lifted the cost of some scrap to \$55 a ton, the highest since 1956. Scrapmen vigorously deny that there is a shortage, which was the main reason for the embargo. They attribute the ban entirely to protectionist pressures from American steel manufacturers, who are worried about competition from Japan, which buys two-thirds of all U.S. scrap exports.

Angry Customers. In defense of their controls on farm exports, Administration officials argue that the zooming price of food has made a shambles of their anti-inflation crusade and must be brought down at all costs. Says John Dunlop, chief of the Cost of Living Council: "Until October, we really don't have any other measure to deal with food prices except export controls."

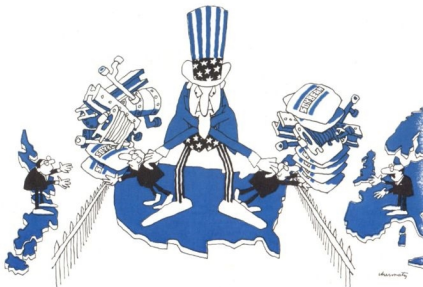
The possibility of livestock-feed shortages was, in fact, apparent as early as last fall, before bad weather destroyed some soybean crops. The Administration nonetheless made a much publicized deal to sell to the Russians

and Chinese about 54 million bushels of soybeans. The Europeans and Japanese are regular customers, and the fact that the U.S. did not show much interest in providing for their needs rankles. Speaking of the new export controls, one American agriculture attaché in Europe complains, "As diplomats, we're being forced to defend something that may be indefensible."

The controls are felt most painfully in Japan, which is the biggest single cus-

tomers. The U.S., ironically, has strengthened the arguments of the French and other protectionists who insist that the U.S. cannot be trusted to keep its commitments. The move also cuts the ground out from under the British, Belgians and Dutch, who have long argued that freer trade between the U.S. and Europe would benefit both.

The U.S. needs all the foreign trade it can get if it is ever to reduce the dollar-debilitating deficits in its balance of payments. During the past two years the once-mighty dollar has lost 26% of its value against the currencies of major nations (excepting Canada). Last week the dollar again plummeted to new lows—it was selling for fewer than 2.3 Ger-



tomers for U.S. scrap and soybeans. The ban on edible oils and animal fats came as a staggering blow to Japanese producers of margarine, shortening and soap. Koichi Kawamura, a high Japanese Agriculture Ministry official, warns, "Japan has no choice but to make a fundamental reappraisal of its agricultural policies." That means that Japan will increase its soybean crop (which was reduced in the belief that the U.S. would honor its repeated promises to supply all Japan's needs) and place long-term soybean contracts with China. The Europeans point out that the U.S. has persistently badgered them to buy more and more American farm goods. Yet now the U.S. is acting like a shopkeeper who closes his store when the customers arrive.

At a meeting of members of GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) in September, the Administration will urge Common Market countries to lower trade barriers on American goods. But in resorting to export

marks and fewer than four French francs—leading French President Georges Pompidou to assert that "The world is facing a new monetary crisis. We must define a defense policy for France and Europe against this pernicious sickness."

The embracing of export controls by the Nixon Administration is only part of a growing malaise of American protectionism. In the past two years, while most major nations were making some moves to dismantle trade barriers, the U.S. has been erecting them. Among other things, it stopped converting dollars into gold, approved a temporary surcharge on imports and leaned on foreign trading partners to "voluntarily" hold down their sales of steel and textiles to the U.S. and their purchases of American lumber. Unless this policy is changed, the U.S. will continue its retreat toward a rampant, self-defeating protectionism that could well make today's money and trade problems seem minor.



IOWA SOYBEAN FARMER

COMMODITIES

Saga of Superbean

Faster growing than sugar cane or cotton, more protein-packed than fresh red meat, able to reap more foreign cash than any other farm product ... It's a plant, it's an export, it's Superbean!

The once lowly U.S. soybean has indeed become super. It is the nation's No. 1 cash crop, most valuable farm export, and most volatile and controversial commodity. An increasingly affluent world wants more and more soybeans because they are great sources of protein for hogs, poultry—and people. Soybean oil is the major ingredient in salad and cooking oils and margarine. Ground up, the bean is used as an “extender” that stretches out hamburger, ravioli and soup. In Japan, a bowl of bean-paste soup is the equivalent of a Westerner's cup of coffee. Some admirers even allege that roasted soybeans, which are shaped like chickpeas, will increase sexual vigor.

Soybeans, which grow on hip-high plants and can flourish in moist, temperate climates, were cultivated in

China as long as 4,000 years ago. “Oriental peas” were introduced to the U.S. in 1804, but they were planted mostly to replenish the nitrogen in soil depleted by cotton or corn. Only after World War II did agronomists recognize the beans' real potential. The U.S. is now by far the largest producer, growing 90% of the soybeans involved in international trade. This year American farmers expect to harvest more than 1.5 billion bushels, up some 18% from last year. Prices jumped from \$4 per bushel in January to \$12 per bushel last month but, as a result of new export controls and the expected bumper crop, prices have started to drop.

Most of the American beans are grown in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee. Other producers: Brazil and China.

The U.S. exports more than 50% of its crop. Last year sales hit \$2 billion, without which the dollar would have become even shakier in money markets. Western Europe bought more than \$1 billion worth of U.S. beans and Japan \$375 million worth. Now the Government's export controls threaten the U.S.'s near monopoly. Properly indignant, Japanese and European officials have intensified their search for more reliable suppliers of superbean.

MONEY

Loans Will Cost More

Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns recently told a congressional committee: “I cannot encourage the thought of lower interest rates in the immediate future.” Burns' message: Even though short-term rates are rising fast, he will no longer use the jawbone on bankers to restrain them. Instead the Federal Reserve will work to cool the overheated economy and reduce inflation by restricting the availability of

money, which continues to be hit by shortages caused by a combination of the high costs of raw materials and low price ceilings for finished products. In response to the widespread complaints of food suppliers, officials of the Cost of Living Council hint that food price ceilings at the wholesale and retail levels may loosen, but not enough to let sellers pass on the full brunt of increased production costs to their customers. Thus, potato-chip makers would be able to recoup some—but not all—of the rising cost of cottonseed oil, in which chips are fried. Candy makers, who are squeezed by the high costs of cocoa beans and nuts might

Indicator of the Week

As money grows increasingly tighter, home mortgage rates are starting to move up. Savings institutions are also assessing larger service charges and requiring heavier down payments. A comparison of interest rates in major metropolitan areas for a 25-year, 75% mortgage on a new \$40,000 house:

City	Last Week	Last Month	Last Year
ATLANTA	8 1/2 %	7 3/4 %	7 1/2 %
BOSTON	7 1/2 - 8	7 1/2 - 7 3/4	7 1/2
CHICAGO	7 3/4	7 1/2 - 7 3/4	7 - 7 1/4
HOUSTON	7 3/4 - 8 1/2	7 3/4 - 8 1/8	7 1/4 - 7 1/2
LOS ANGELES	8 - 8 1/4	8	7 - 7 1/4
WASH., D.C.	7 1/2 - 8	7 1/2 - 8	7 - 7 1/2

money and credit. Result: it is a tough time to borrow but a good time to save.

After the Fed raised its discount rate two weeks ago, banks boosted the prime lending rate to businessmen from 7 1/2% to 8%, and then to 8 1/4%. Banks were offering 9% on 90-day certificates of deposits, and even some long-term bond rates were nudging upward. To forestall a rush of money out of personal savings accounts into higher-yielding bonds and Treasury bills, the Government lifted the limit on interest rates that banks may pay depositors by 1/2%, to 5%, and permitted savings and loan institutions to raise their rates from roughly 5% to 5 1/4%.

The change in Fed policy was prompted by the inflationary expansion of the money supply, which in the second quarter grew at an annual rate of almost 10%. One cause of the bulge was an unusual surge in loan demand. Now the Fed is determined to restrain the money supply, but will work to avoid drying up credit, which would bring on an early recession. Burns would like the Administration to take some of the pressure off the Fed by raising taxes. But the White House is wary of such a move. Once again, the Administration's economic policymakers are out of phase at a time when the nation needs concerted economic leadership.

Inflation Watch

The insatiable demand for goods and services that is the primary spur to galloping inflation has one beneficial effect: it is putting more people to work. In June, the unemployment rate dropped from 5% to 4.8%, lowest in three years. Unfortunately, that progress was bought at a harrowing price. In early June, just before the freeze, the Wholesale Price Index climbed at an annual rate of 27.6%. The steep climb underscored the need for the freeze, which, with one major exception, has brought the increases to a screeching halt.

That exception is in the food in-

dustry, which continues to be hit by shortages caused by a combination of the high costs of raw materials and low price ceilings for finished products.

In response to the widespread complaints of food suppliers, officials of the Cost of Living Council hint that food price ceilings at the wholesale and retail levels may loosen, but not enough to let sellers pass on the full brunt of increased production costs to their customers. Thus, potato-chip makers would be able to recoup some—but not all—of the rising cost of cottonseed oil, in which chips are fried. Candy makers, who are squeezed by the high costs of cocoa beans and nuts might be permitted to raise the price of 10¢ chocolate bars—or decrease the size of the bars.

The loosened food controls may foreshadow the program that the COLC will adopt in Phase IV. When controls were relaxed in the past, and producers permitted to recover their increased costs by raising prices, there were immediate “inflationary bulges.” To prevent that, the COLC may require producers to absorb some increases. COLC Official John Larson concedes that this would not be popular with businessmen because it would cut into profit margins. Says he: “It's not the kind of idea people snuggle up to quickly.”



PRESIDENTIAL ADVISER KISSINGER

CAMBODIA

The U.S. Turns to the Prince

In Washington, State Department officials alluded to "diplomatic irons in the fire" and to "extremely delicate" negotiations in process involving several governments. In his San Clemente retreat, President Richard Nixon huddled with Peking's top envoy to the U.S., Huang Chen, whom he had transported across the continent in a presidential jet just for the meeting. In Paris, American negotiators conferred with Hanoi's representatives. Prime object of all these efforts was Cambodia—the only warring Indochinese nation that has not reached a cease-fire agreement.

It is one of the innumerable ironies of the Indochina war that Cambodia, which was an oasis of peace when the rest of Southeast Asia burned, now is engulfed in war just when the rest of the area seems on the brink of respite. Combat rages around Phnom-Penh. American warplanes fly round-the-clock sorties to prevent the capital from falling to the Khmer insurgents. Refugees flee their villages to escape the fighting.

Adamant Congress. It is not the fighting, however, that created the Nixon Administration's urgency in seeking a Cambodian peace. Rather, an adamant Congress forced the President to promise an Aug. 15 deadline for the cessation of all U.S. military activity in Indochina—including air warfare in Cambodia—unless specifically authorized by legislation. After that date, the White House will no longer be able to use the force of U.S. bombing as a lever to negotiate a Cambodian settlement.

Yet apparently neither the U.S. nor any government official in Phnom-Penh knows exactly who speaks for the elusive insurgents and their several factions (TIME, May 28). It is not even certain that the insurgents are interested in stopping the war. They already control more than half of Cambodia, and it is generally conceded that they can capture the capital anytime they are willing to commit enough troops. Yet with so much territory under their dominion, the insurgents may welcome a cease-fire to give them time to solidify their control and to regroup their forces. The North Vietnamese probably would go along with a cease-fire now, since it would guarantee Hanoi's supply routes through rebel-controlled eastern Cambodia to its troops inside South Viet Nam.

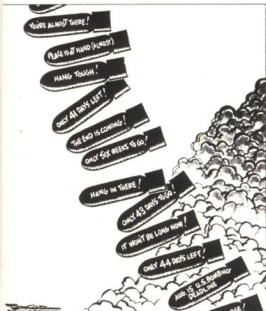
The key to the Cambodia puzzle may be Exiled Ruler Prince Norodom Sihanouk, 50, who has resided in Peking since his overthrow in March 1970. When he ruled Cambodia, he skillfully played contending foreign powers

against each other, managing to be both anti-Communist and anti-American. Peking and Hanoi now recognize his claim to be political leader of the insurgents, because he was usually willing to relax his anti-Communism when it suited his needs. In an interview last week, Sihanouk detailed for the first time what U.S. intelligence sources had long known: he had allowed Hanoi to use Cambodian ports and roads to supply Communist forces in South Viet Nam. He explained that his action was based more on income than ideology: "Two-thirds [of the equipment] was for the Viet Cong and one-third for my army. That way I didn't have to provide in my budget for military equipment, arms and ammunition."

During his exile, the U.S. had haughtily dismissed Sihanouk's claim to any following inside Cambodia. Last week, however, Washington did an abrupt about-face. Finally acknowledging that no Cambodian settlement can afford to ignore the prince, Washington would like him to meet with Henry Kissinger next month in Peking. But Sihanouk's notorious ego apparently is still smarting from Kissinger's refusal to see him last February when the prince requested an audience. Said Sihanouk in Peking last week: "It is useless to talk to Kissinger. There is no time for talk. Now it is too late. We will continue our armed struggle." Such strong sentiments may be no more than a tactical bluff, designed to bolster his bargaining position with the U.S.

Changing Mood. Sihanouk is a grand master of the diplomatic chessboard whose moves in the past had preserved his country's independence far longer than many observers thought possible. Most likely, the prince is now maneuvering to try to win guarantees for a neutral Cambodia in which he will play a major political role.

By week's end there were indications that pressures by the major powers were having some effect in moving Cambodia toward a cease-fire. Marshal Lon Nol, leader of the Phnom-Penh government, announced his readiness to meet with the insurgents. Sihanouk, meanwhile, revealed that Chou En-lai had advised him that the Paris agreements prohibit China from giving the insurgents any more military aid. This may push the prince closer to the conference table, or at least cause him to change his mind about meeting with Kissinger. His moods are as changeable as monsoon weather, and it is on his mood that a chance for an end to the Cambodian war could now hinge.



NEIL KESSLER



AP

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We didn't set a deadline for the club's introduction. Because we wanted to have time to produce them with the same careful, handcraftsmanship golfers expect from Walter Hagen.

Now the Ultradyne II clubs are ready.

Designed to help you play a better game than ever before.

And crafted in the meticulous Walter Hagen way.

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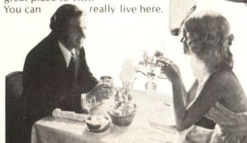
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ROGERS WITH U.S. DELEGATION IN FINLANDIA HOUSE



GROMYKO & SOVIET AIDES AT CONFERENCE

DIPLOMACY

Helsinki: Coming Down to Earth

Rarely in Europe's history had so many Foreign Ministers gathered in a single spot. They came to Helsinki last week from Moscow and Washington, Monaco, San Marino and the Vatican—35 nations in all. The tantalizing goal that drew them was the molding of a new era of peace for Europe: a chance to knit the current East-West détente into a lasting fabric.

With the ground carefully paved by 199 days of preliminary talks (TIME, July 9), it was easy to hope that little could go wrong in the opening of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. Both East and West had made concessions; both the U.S. and the Soviet Union had bestowed blessings. Although generally skeptics by nature, many diplomats gathering for the opening ceremonies in Finlandia House radiated a mild optimism.

Then Andrei Gromyko spoke. Leading off in a week devoted largely to oratory, the Soviet Foreign Minister's speech made it clear that the Soviet Union was using the conference primarily as a means of gaining international acceptance of its hegemony over Eastern Europe. He ignored Western proposals that the conference concentrate on increasing person-to-person contacts between the citizens of East and West Europe.

Gromyko hammered away at the twin themes of a code of conduct guaranteeing respect for "the territorial integrity of all European states in their present frontiers"—a position that among other things would make the division of Germany permanent—and increased economic cooperation between Communist and capitalist nations. Gromyko's talk—which (at 50 minutes) ran precisely twice as long as the agreed-upon limit—was then in effect seconded by the Foreign Ministers of Poland and East Germany.

No one should have been surprised

that the Russians emphasized their long-held desire to have the borders of Eastern Europe finally legitimized. But many observers were disappointed that the Soviets were so adamant in their opposition to liberalizing daily contacts between the people of East and West, particularly since in the preliminary meetings they had indicated a willingness to approve such contacts.

Western European statesmen pointedly warned that unless greater human contacts are accepted by the Soviets, the chances of border recognition are nil. West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel noted acidly that "the inviolability of frontiers only assumes its full meaning if frontiers do not disturb natural ties and if it is possible to maintain and establish contacts across frontiers." Britain's Sir Alec Douglas-Home, discussing Gromyko's proposed code of conduct for Europe, said that "we cannot leave such sentiments hanging in the air. We must come down to earth."

Bizarre Theory. Proposing improvements in cultural linkups like the uncensored circulation of all European newspapers throughout the nations represented at Helsinki, Douglas-Home warned that "if we do not improve the life of ordinary people at this conference, we shall be asked—and with justice—what all our fine diplomatic phrases have achieved." Then, warning the Soviets, he added: "If progress on the other items [human contacts] is not achieved, there will be no alternative but to disperse, acknowledging that the conference was premature."

In contrast to Sir Alec's tough words, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers delivered a much milder speech—but he made clear the U.S.'s support for broader human contacts. Some observers felt that he underscored growing European uncertainty about the U.S. by omitting from his talk a prepared statement to the effect that the is-

ssues of European security and cooperation "should not and cannot be settled by the U.S. and the Soviet Union alone." This was interpreted by many European observers to mean that the U.S. was leaning toward the intractable Soviet position. In fact, Rogers left the statement out because he believed it smacked of condescension. Yet among the conference's undercurrents was a bizarre theory from some West Europeans that the U.S. was considering a total withdrawal from Europe—perhaps in collusion with the U.S.S.R.—in a move to undercut Western Europe's growing economic unity.

As the week ended, Foreign Ministers and their aides streamed out of Helsinki—their speeches delivered, but their problems unresolved. The Helsinki conference was over. The next step—second-stage negotiations scheduled to begin next September in Geneva—is intended to smooth out now jagged points of confrontation. The three-tier series is then scheduled to culminate in a jumbo summit, which may or may not occur in a year or so. But Helsinki raised more problems than it resolved, and throughout East Europe party leaders were warning the rank and file of a new ideological confrontation with the West. In such an atmosphere, there were increasing doubts that compromise was possible, though official optimism remained. In the success—or lack of it—at Geneva, the true significance of Helsinki would finally be defined.

THE BAHAMAS

After 244 Years, Independence

At precisely one minute past midnight this Tuesday, the Union Jack will be lowered in Nassau's Clifford Park. Then, as fireworks thunder and crowds cheer, the black, gold and aquamarine Bahamian flag (the colors symbolize the people, the sun and the sea) will be hoisted into place, highlighting a boisterous,

THE WORLD

twelve-day celebration that will mark the independence of the Commonwealth of the Bahamas after nearly a quarter-millennium of British rule.

To stage this gaudiest of galas, Prime Minister Lynden O. Pindling's government spent some \$2,000,000. The week leading up to Independence Day was an eclectic mix of regattas, steel bands and snake dancers that wound down Bay Street, Nassau's main financial district. To help him celebrate, Pindling invited the heads of 62 nations; most accepted. Britain's Prince Charles, the official guest of honor, arrived last week to ceremoniously turn the islands over to the 185,000 Bahamians.

White Anger. Independence will create its own problems for the Bahamas. Prime Minister Pindling, 43, a London-educated lawyer who was overwhelmingly re-elected last September on a platform of immediate independence, personifies the newly proud and somewhat militant mood of his nation. The cornerstone of his program is "Bahamianization," which is an attempt to push more Bahamian blacks, who comprise 85% of the population, into white-collar jobs. This policy has meant that foreigners now find it extremely difficult to obtain work permits, though it used to be a routine matter. Moreover, in order to hire a foreigner, employers must first agree to train a black to take over the job eventually. This has brought an increase in the number of blacks holding higher-paying jobs (particularly in banking), but has angered many white businessmen. They claim that they have trouble finding qualified black trainees, and that they cannot hire more competent foreign help because of work-permit restrictions.

As a result, some whites have left the islands, creating a shortage of trained manpower. Fearing that Pindling power is synonymous with black power, some white-owned banks have moved to tax-sheltered havens such as the nearby Cayman Islands, which are still under British rule. The net result has been a slight drop in employment, a sharp drop in the construction industry, and the threat of a further white exodus.

Some investors note that many angry young Bahamians are not at all enthusiastic about serving tourists, and frequently make no effort to hide the fact. Yet tourism, which earned \$285 million last year, accounts for 73% of the Bahamas' gross revenues. In the face of that hard reality, Pindling observes that no matter how much Bahamians may resent working for white tourists, it would be madness to lose such a lucrative business. T.B. Donaldson, chairman of the Bahamian Monetary Authority, points out that the Bahamians had five foreign-owned banks in 1967; now they have 120. "We're not jungle bunnies," says Donaldson. Translation: regardless of their resentment, Bahamians will not be so intoxicated by independence that they are going to forget that business is the lifeblood of sovereignty.

MIDDLE EAST

Terror, and a Frail Hint of Peace

The gray Renault had been parked near the Science Faculty of the University of Paris all night. Its owner, Algerian Playwright Mohammed Boudia, 41, had spent the night with a woman who lived near by. Shortly before noon, Boudia emerged from the apartment house, passed several children playing in the street, and walked up to his automobile. As he stepped inside, a bomb that had been placed under the front seat exploded, killing him instantly. Boudia was suspected of being Black September's European headman and was wanted for questioning by police in two countries in connection with terrorist acts.

Three days later, Colonel Yosef Alon, 44, Israeli air attaché in Washington, and his wife Devora attended a diplomatic party in a Washington sub-

urban restaurant. The two men were in fact the latest casualties in the Arab-Israeli war of terrorism were the pointless manner and the close proximity of the deaths.

FBI agents and Maryland police investigating Alon's death cautiously refused to attribute it to Arab terrorists, but Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan was more outspoken. He vowed to "liquidate the terrorists wherever they exist." Using almost identical words, Yasser Arafat, powerful leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, charged in an interview with TIME (see box following page) that a Zionist-American conspiracy had been organized "to follow, kill and liquidate the Palestinians under the pretext of fighting terrorism."

A major retaliation by the Israelis



COLONEL YOSEF ALON

A bomb before noon and a gunman after midnight.



BOUDIA'S BODY IN SHATTERED CAR IN PARIS

urb. Shortly after 1 a.m., the Alons turned into the driveway of their ranch-style home in Somerset, Md. Mrs. Alon got out and walked to the front door. Before her husband could join her, an assailant shot the former fighter pilot five times with a .38-cal. revolver. By the time police arrived, Alon was dead.

While investigators in Paris and Washington have not been able to find any clues about the identities of the killers, Boudia and Alon were widely believed to be the latest victims in the deadly underground war between Israeli agents and Arab guerrillas in cities around the globe. Such incidents by now have become almost commonplace. Similar assassinations this year in Rome, Paris, Nicosia, Beirut, Madrid and London have claimed dozens of lives. Characteristically, the killers left no clues, and police have made no arrests. Indeed, the only clear indications

could have a serious effect on prospects for a new, secret peace effort now under way in the Middle East. That peace initiative has been launched by Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba. Despite official statements that Bourguiba's probes had failed, Tunisian Foreign Minister Mohammed Masmoudi revealed to TIME's Tanya Matthews that secret contacts between Tunisian and Israeli representatives were going on in Geneva.

The Bourguiba plan is based on recognition of all rights in the area: the right of Israel "not to be exterminated and cast into the sea"; the right of the Palestinians "not to be deprived of a homeland"; the right of the Arab peoples "not to be occupied and humiliated." The four-stage plan entails:

- 1) an opening stage of public probes (already concluded);
- 2) a secret stage in which private

contacts between Tunisia and Israel (currently going on) would attempt to establish a basis for peace talks;

3) a public Bourguiba-Golda Meir summit;

4) another secret stage of hard negotiations, during which the Egyptians and the Palestinians would move into the talks and the Tunisians withdraw.

The hope that the Bourguiba initiative will work is frail. Tunisia has never figured importantly in the Arab

world, and it is doubtful whether Bourguiba has the personal prestige among militant Arabs to bring the two sides together. Still, as far as the Israelis are concerned, he is acceptable as a neutral intermediary who brings about talks because he has entrée into Arab capitals as well as Israel.

Throughout the week, both sides appeared to be testing the wind with a rash of on-again, off-again statements. Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban declared

flatly that Israel was ready to meet Bourguiba anywhere—perhaps later this month. Bourguiba's talk of a return to the 1947 U.N. frontiers was no obstacle, he added. Two days later Mrs. Meir threw cold water on that proposal. Was it a feint—or had the initiative failed? No one could say for sure. But at least both sides were still talking about talking—and that in itself seemed a moderately optimistic conclusion to a week that had opened with yet more terror.

Arafat: As Patient as the Camel

One Arab group with which Israel refuses to negotiate is the Palestine Liberation Organization. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan insists that the Palestinians have lost their rights because of terrorism carried out by Al-Fatah and other fedayeen groups. "I will never negotiate with Yasser Arafat," says Golda Meir flatly of the man who founded Al-Fatah and heads the P.L.O. Last week in a rare interview, Arafat, 43, discussed the volatile Middle East with TIME Correspondent Spencer Davidson in Beirut.

Arafat seems obsessed with the CIA, which he automatically blames for almost any imaginable wrongdoing. He boasts that in its ninth year the Palestinian revolution is thriving "in spite of a bloc of enemies represented by international Zionism, international imperialism, especially the CIA, and Arab agents in this area. There is an Arab proverb, 'Nobody can hide the sun with his hand.' We are living whether Moshe Dayan wishes it or not. I don't see any course for the Palestinians except armed struggle to restore their rights. The Palestinian people have waited 25 years for the execution of resolutions by the U.N. Security Council. They gain nothing from all these resolutions but more and more dispersion and misery. Unfortunately, we are treated by the U.N. as statistics."

Other points made by Arafat in the interview:

FEDAYEEN OPERATIONS. I believe that military operations against Israel and the Zionists abroad could achieve certain gains, could lead to political discussion and diplomatic means to greater gains. Needless to say, we should distinguish between military operations in the occupied land and operations against Israelis abroad. We are concerned that our action should be a military action and not aimed against civilians.

ISRAELI STRATEGY. There is a Zionist-Arabian conspiracy to liquidate the Palestinian people physically. Golda Meir is annoyed—and she declares this arrogantly—by the number of Palestinian babies born daily in the occupied land. Yet not a single voice in the world

has been raised to condemn such a declaration. Does the world know that Israel has demolished 8,000 houses on the West Bank and 11,000 houses in the Gaza Strip? But our people refuse to be liquidated, to face the same destiny as red Indians in the U.S.

U.S. POLICY. For 25 years, its only concern has been support for Israel



ARAFAT IN BEIRUT

—militarily, politically, financially and through the media. As if the U.S. sees nothing in the area but Israel. Certainly this policy treads on the interests of the American people. As a result of Israeli blackmail, U.S. policy does not help the interests of the Middle East. It helps get the Jewish vote in the U.S. and Jewish election contributions. Obviously this blackmail is eventually paid for by the ordinary American taxpayer. It is true that this U.S. support has changed the balance of power in the area in Israel's interest. But I ask: For how long will you be able to guarantee such a balance? Did American military supremacy in Viet Nam and Korea prove enough to guarantee complete and final separation? You Americans always picture the Arab with a camel.

We are as patient as that camel. That's why we believe that the historical imperative is on our side. Americans should free themselves from Zionist blackmail and intelligence reports for the sake of their own interests. They should not be Ugly Americans. They should look to their future. As a big power, American standards should be moral standards. As an admirer of Abraham Lincoln, I would hope that Americans remember Lincoln's ideas concerning freedom and justice and his ideas about segregation.

KHARTOUM SLAYINGS. The CIA has published in more than one American paper a story about my relations with Black September. It reached such a point that they assumed in the Washington Post that I gave an order to some Palestinians in the embassy [to kill two American diplomats]. Certainly the CIA knows that this is a lie. I did my best. I think that if Nixon had not submitted to Golda Meir's blackmail—she was in the States at the time—and had done as he did with other prisoners in Latin America [trading their freedom for that of political prisoners], you would have avoided the tragedy that happened in Khartoum. But he sacrificed his ambassador because he submitted to Israeli blackmail. I want to ask a question. Why was this declaration made by the CIA in the press, and why was there then another declaration mentioning my colleagues in the leadership who were assassinated? Was that to justify their assassination and the conspiracy [the CIA is] plotting against me?

BLACK SEPTEMBER. It is a phenomenon that appeared after the savage massacres in Jordan against the Palestinian revolution and people. We lost 25,000 killed and wounded, and 8,000 were jailed. It was, and still is, an overwhelming tragedy for all our people on the Jordan East Bank. This massacre could not help producing such a phenomenon. It is quite evident that Israel and the CIA were the originators of this massacre in Jordan.

MIDDLE EAST OUTLOOK. I don't foresee anything except more suffering and sacrifice. We are now facing an arrogant enemy drunk on the victory he gained in 1967. An enemy who is publicly proud of the recent action [in raiding Beirut] against our people, our leaders, even our women.

IRAQ

The Plot That Failed

Chief of the Secret Police Nazem Kazzar said he was inaugurating a new "research center" near Baghdad, and he wondered if two of Iraq's major officials would like to attend. Indeed they would, replied Defense Minister General Hammud Shehab, 51, and Interior Minister General Saadoun Ghaidan, 43, both members of the inner, 15-member Revolutionary Command Council. When Ghaidan arrived at the secret center he was told to dismiss his chauffeur. The minister did so. At that, Kazzar turned on him and had him taken to a dungeon at gunpoint. There he was forced to strip to his underwear and join Shehab, who was already a prisoner.

From that point on the plot went out of control. Both ministers and Kazzar were expected at the airport, where other officials were waiting for President Ahmed Hassan Bakr to return from a swing through Eastern Europe. When the ministers failed to appear, the officials, alerted about Kazzar's knavery, sent out alarms. With troops searching for him, Kazzar and 15 accomplices took the two ministers as hostages and headed for the Iranian border in a convoy of cars. The group was tracked down by helicopters three miles from Iran and captured—but not before Kazzar had killed Shehab and wounded Ghaidan with a bullet in the arm. That obviously was not Kazzar's prime mission, but just what he hoped to achieve remains a mystery.

Though Kazzar's motives were obscure, justice was swift and cruel. Ever since the militant Baath Party assumed power in Baghdad five years ago, the Iraqi penchant for frequent political bloodletting has burgeoned. In all, more than 100 political opponents have been killed. At week's end Kazzar, 35, once one of the regime's leading henchmen, and 21 other co-plotters were summarily executed.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Giving Politics a Try

Ballots at last have a chance, however slim, of replacing bullets in Northern Ireland. At no time since sectarian violence erupted four years ago has a political solution to Ulster's problems seemed so possible. Though urban warfare continues in the North's divided cities, Protestant and Catholic moderates could work together peacefully as a result of last month's Assembly elections.

Nearly two-thirds of the 78 seats in the Assembly are now held by members who agree with certain reservations that the Protestant majority must share power with the Catholic minority. They include ex-Prime Minister Brian Faulkner's official Unionists with 23 seats, Gerard Fitt's predominantly Roman

Catholic Social Democratic and Labor Party (S.D.L.P.) with 19 seats, the Northern Ireland Labor Party with one seat and the nonsectarian Alliance Party with eight seats. Those opposed to the kind of compromise outlined in the British White Paper issued last March landed clearly in the minority.

While militants like William Craig and his followers have vowed to undermine the Assembly, both Protestant Faulkner and Catholic Fitt seem ready to give compromise a chance. Fitt remarked that "I am not going to find it impossible to talk to anybody in the new Assembly." Faulkner, noting the election results, said, "I am absolutely con-



EIRE'S PRIME MINISTER COSGRAVE
Cooling ancient passions.

vinced that it is the will of the people, and it can be done."

When the Assembly convenes later this summer at Stormont, its powers will be limited to such matters as housing and agriculture. Rather than being called "Prime Minister," the Assembly's leader will be known as the "Chief Executive," a post that is expected to fall to Faulkner, if his party forms a governing coalition with the S.D.L.P. The Assembly will remain under London's close tutelage until it shows an ability to govern without aggravating sectarian tensions.

The forces of moderation have been receiving welcome support from Liam Cosgrave, the new Prime Minister of Eire. Since its election four months ago, the Cosgrave government has tried to cool the ancient passions that have inflamed sectarian relations in all of Ireland. Last week, while visiting London, Cosgrave urged recognition of the "existing realities," thus tacitly accepting, for the time being, the North's separate status—even though the goal of ultimate unification of the country is part of Eire's constitution. Cosgrave's sooth-

ing words could help allay the fears of Ulster Protestants. They worry that Catholics are plotting for unification, which would condemn Protestants to the position of a helpless minority within an overwhelmingly Catholic Ireland. That moment is obviously still far off. The more immediate concern for Northern Ireland is to resolve its problems in the new Assembly—and not by violence in the streets, which to date has claimed 841 dead.

ARGENTINA

Ransom Record

When American Businessman John R. Thompson, 50, was kidnapped by Argentine guerrillas in Buenos Aires last month, the ransom demanded was staggering: a record \$3,000,000, to be paid by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., his employers. Almost equally astounding was the ease with which the transfer was accomplished. Thompson was released in good condition last week, shortly after the guerrillas collected their ransom in cash by coolly calling for it in precisely the proper vehicle—an armored car.

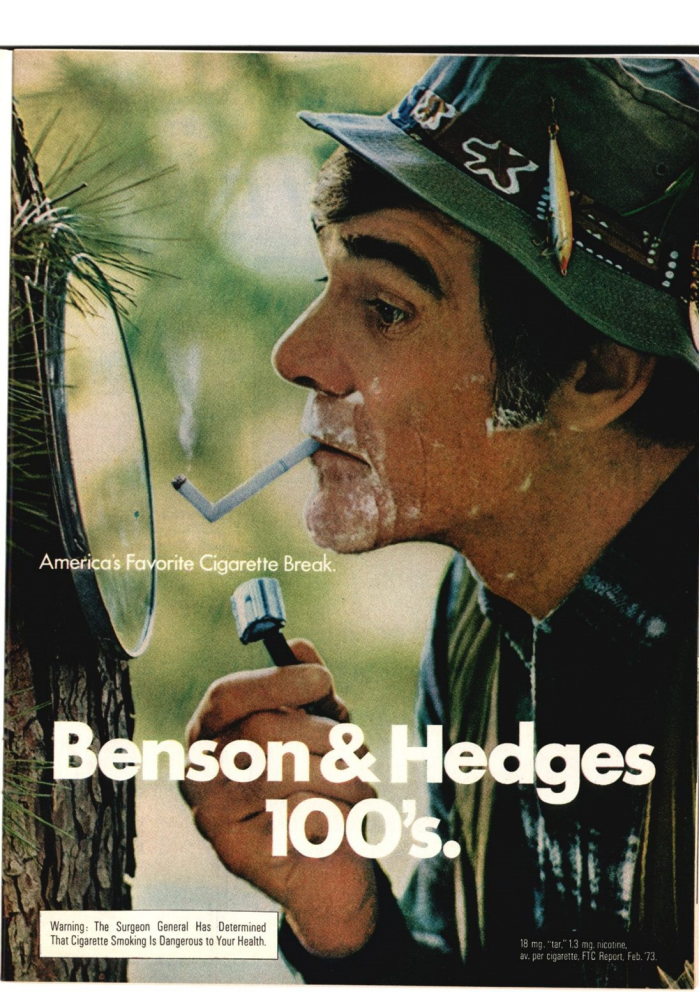
CHILE

Allende Hangs On

As he entered Santiago's bullet-scarred Moneda Palace last week, President Salvador Allende Gossens appeared confident and fully in control of his troubled country. The coup attempt by disgruntled army officers, whose troops attacked the presidential palace two weeks ago, had fizzled within hours (TIME, July 9). All involved were under arrest. Six members of the ultra-right *Patria y Libertad* accused of helping plan the revolt were sequestered in the Ecuadorian and Colombian embassies. Life in the capital city seemed back to its normal boisterous pace. Yet behind the appearance of normalcy was a fitfully anxious mood.

Though Allende lifted the nationwide "emergency" measures—including curfews and press censorship—that he had enacted shortly after the coup, rumors of a new takeover attempt filled the streets. Allende's revocation of the restrictions was seen as a sign of increased rather than decreased tension. Only days before, he had demanded that Congress declare a "state of siege" that would have curtailed most civil liberties. When the majority opposition parties in Congress refused, Allende retaliated by lifting the 11 p.m.-to-6 a.m. curfew and the ban on public meetings. His purpose apparently was to allow his supporters to gather in a show of popular support—a tactic he has effectively used in previous crises.

Though Allende's position seemed secure, at least for the moment, the fact is that the problems that caused last



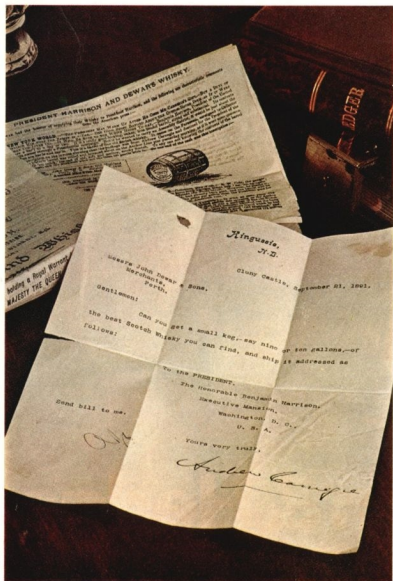
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THE WORLD

month's attempted coup still persist. Food is in short supply. The economy is out of control. Inflation has soared 235% in the past year. In a leftist counterattack on the right-wing plotters, workers have taken over 45 factories in Santiago's industrial belt. Behind locked gates, their leaders have distributed leaflets calling for the preparation of Molotov cocktails and coffee-can grenades and the formation of combat squads.

Tensions were further exacerbated by the resignation of Allende's Cabinet. The ministers stepped down in order to give the embattled President a freer hand in dealing with Chile's problems, but Allende then ran into trouble trying to put together a new Cabinet. He had planned to appoint some military men as a reward for stopping the coup. However, they presented him with a list of demands that if accepted would have produced intolerable military influence in a country where the armed forces have been traditionally neutral. Allende flatly declared that no members of the armed forces would serve in his Cabinet. For a while it seemed that no one else would either. Finally, after four days of indecision, Allende last week formed a new all-civilian Cabinet. But while some of the faces were new, their addition to the government signaled no major shift in policy—a situation that means Allende still has not found a way to dampen the rising passions throughout his land.

AFRICA

Capture of the Sun

On June 30, a strip of the African continent from the wind-blown deserts of Mauritania to the lava-strewn shores of Lake Rudolf was swathed in the shadow of the moon for as long as seven minutes and four seconds. A total eclipse of the sun of that duration will not recur for another 177 years (TIME, June 25). Joining up with 120 scientists from eleven countries and scores of curious amateur astronomers, TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs camped out in the remote Kenyan village of Loiyengalani, where he found the reaction of African tribesmen as fascinating as the eclipse itself. His report:

The scientists, including 70-odd Americans, had trooped into the village two weeks earlier, bringing with them \$1,000,000 worth of telescopes, disk antennas, computers and all manner of other modern equipment. Never had the Samburu, Turkana and Elmolo tribesmen seen anything like it. Their torpid existence in the barren lake area, where year-round temperatures top 100°, was rudely shattered.

The government had distributed exposed film strips to protect the retinas of the curious. Turkana and Samburu witch doctors told the Elmolo (who



KENYAN TRIBESMEN ON LAKE RUDOLF WATCH ECLIPSE THROUGH EXPOSED FILM
When the white men did not steal the sun, they sang and danced.

have no witch doctors of their own) that disaster would strike them anyway, that an Elmolo child would die when "the white men steal the sun," and that nursing mothers' breasts would go dry.

Then reporters arrived, and instead of disaster the Elmolo suddenly had unprecedented prosperity on their hands. A Japanese crew from Nippon Television moved in and "bought" the tribe for a little over \$7 a day plus two sacks daily of corn meal to supplement their fish diet. In return, the Japanese were supposed to get first rights to film the tribe's reactions to the eclipse. Other reporters started paying with chewing tobacco, beads, mirrors and sewing needles for permission to photograph the Elmolo. Then the Elmolo got really mercenary and started asking \$1.50 from photographers for posing.

Turkana tribesmen traded their spears for eclipse buttons and T shirts that visitors brought with them from Nairobi. One tribesman peddled to the gullible round, bleached lava rocks as petrified ostrich eggs. The Oasis Lodge at Loiyengalani charged outrageous prices for drink and accommodation until complaints forced the county council to order a rollback to reasonable levels. Correspondents were being charged \$43 a night for the privilege of sleeping in Elmolo huts hastily constructed for the occasion.

Though they were profiting from the eclipse watchers, the tribesmen were plainly worried by all the unaccustomed commotion. The long telescopes looked like guns aimed at the sun; obviously the white men were going to shoot it down, perhaps to punish the tribe for taking advantage of tourists by charging so much for photographs. As a precaution against attack by hostile forces in the dark, the tribesmen recruited a "home guard" of Samburu, armed with spears and with hair ochered to

frighten off any evil-minded people.

Eclipse day dawned cloudy, but a slow clearing set in and astronomers took hope. At the nearby Consolata Fathers mission, Father Joseph Polet made plans to ring the bell during totality as a sign that it was safe for the Turkana, Samburu and Elmolo to watch without injuring their eyes. Barely 20 seconds before totality at 4 p.m., the last wisp of cloud moved away. Soon the sky grew eerily dark. Donkeys and camels started toward their *manyattas* (corrals). Cattle drinking by the lake started moving inland. *Kupatwa jua*, which in Swahili means "Capture the sun," had begun.

Wary Glances. At the Elmolo village, women took their babies inside the huts and covered up the entrances. A few men stayed outside, nervously, to watch. In the nearby Turkana and Samburu villages, women ran home, their heads covered as if against some impending disaster. Just before totality, shadow bands rippled across the ground and the few Elmolo men still outside involuntarily jumped as if to get out of the way. One came up and giggled at me, taking my hand as if that would somehow provide protection. In Murang'a township near Nairobi, a man, convinced the world was ending, locked his house and hanged himself.

Then it was dark. Not night dark, but kind of full-moon dark. Yet you could still see for miles, and every feature of the landscape was visible. Nearly five minutes later, a piercing shaft of sunlight broke through the bottom of the dark circle in the sky. Roosters crowed again and birds chirped once more. Still the Elmolo stayed in their huts. It was a long time before they started coming out, casting wary glances upward. The sun was back and the white man had not stolen it after all. They sang and danced to celebrate its return.



THE BURTONS TANGLE



TONY & BERRY CELEBRATE

During their nine years of marriage **Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor** have loved to fight. No one really took them seriously, however, and even when they tried acting mad, it wasn't always successful. *Divorce His and Divorce Hers*, their first TV movies, bombed badly (TIME, July 2). Yet there they were, visiting New York from Rome and announcing a separation. In a handwritten note to the press, Elizabeth said she and her husband had been in "each other's pockets constantly" and that she was



THE MANDELS & MRS. DORSEY

convinced separation was a "good, constructive idea." She then flew with their adopted daughter, Maria, to Los Angeles. Meanwhile Richard put out his own press release. "I don't consider Elizabeth and I are actually separated. It's just that our private and professional interests are keeping us apart."

"To be having a baby comes as such a surprise. It is contrary to all the technological advances of mankind," said the dumbfounded father-to-be, Actor **Tony Perkins**. His pregnant friend is Photographer **Berry Berenson**, sister of Actress **Marisa Berenson** and granddaughter of Designer **Elsa Schiaparelli**. At the moment, the couple, who have been living together since January in Tony's Manhattan apartment, have no definite wedding date. They want to "enjoy this unexpected pleasure first."

"I am in love with another woman, Mrs. Jeanne Dorsey, and I intend to marry her," **Governor Marvin Mandel**, 53, of Maryland said in a statement that his press secretary read to reporters. There had been rumors, and specific denials by the Governor, about his romance with Mrs. Dorsey, a handsome, tall divorcee in her mid-thirties whose



MIA & ROBERT PLAY "GATSBY"

former husband is a Maryland state senator. Confronted with the latest news, Mrs. Mandel, 53, declared that she was "astounded, amazed and unbelieving. We shared the same bed for 32 years. As a matter of fact, we got out of the same bed this morning." She explained that her husband's job "must have got to him." She would stay in the Governor's mansion, she insisted, and "remain Mrs. Marvin Mandel."

At 72, **Baron Philippe de Rothschild**—millionaire, writer, angel to the arts, superlative host, vintner—was the Frenchman with almost everything. After years of behind-the-scenes pressure, Rothschild received the appellation of *premier grand cru* for his family's Château Mouton-Rothschild, long regarded as one of the noblest red wines. The first official change in the sacrosanct 1855 classification of clarets puts Mouton-Rothschild in the select category of first-growth château wines, joining Haut-Brion, Latour, Margaux, and Lafite. Certain rare vintage bottles of Mouton-Rothschild, with their elegant labels by such artists as **Marc Chagall**, and **Henry Moore**, were running as high as \$8,500 a case at wine auctions, even before the new classification.

The fashion industry has been touting the pleated skirts and white flannels of the "Great Gatsby Look" for months. The movie that started it all is now in its fourth week of filming, and the first stills are at hand. They show **Robert Redford**, as Jay Gatsby, in a World War I uniform and **Mia Farrow**, as Daisy Buchanan, in a long, white frilly gown. A more sophisticated look can be expected when the story moves on from their early love affair to Jay's lavish days at a

PEOPLE

mysterious millionaire in the early '20s. Although Scott Fitzgerald set his novel on Long Island, Paramount is shooting mostly in Newport, R.I. Jay's big house will be Rosecliff, a 40-room mansion designed in 1902 by Architect Stanford White. This gives some of the Newport bluebloods a chance to be extras—if they have the racy sporting look, casual arrogance and short haircuts called for by the casting director.

With her patched blue jeans and her long hair, the visitor to Clairfield, Tenn., looks like any other teen-ager trying out her first summer job. Working on a film documentary about the history of Appalachian coal mining, **Caroline Kennedy**, 15, has been helping a federally funded film crew with camera work, interviewing and processing film. "You would never know she's the daughter of a President," said one Tennessee woman. "She goes up and down these mountains just like us other hillbillies." Ed Marlow of Clairfield, a miner who has been paralyzed from the waist down for 14 years as a result of a mine accident, remarked, "She's as pretty as a silver dollar. She's just plain folks." Miss Kennedy had thought it "super great" that he had a portrait-like tapestry of her father hanging near his bed.

The romance began by mail. In a letter to the *New York World* in 1926, Gretchen Hood, a onetime opera singer, suggested that **H.L. Mencken**, the Baltimore journalist, misogynist and debunker of American mores, run for President of the U.S. Mencken wrote back declining the nomination ("How could I take an oath to support the 18th Amendment?"), but soon followed up her proposal with a 3½-year courtship. It ended unexpectedly when the obdurate bachelor, then 49, suddenly married an English teacher at Goucher Col-

lege. Now 86, Gretchen still has Mencken's 248 letters to her numbered and stashed away in her house in Washington, D.C. She admits that she wanted to marry him. "It would have been a real feather in my cap." But, she adds, "we never had any hanky-panky. I can't imagine Mencken making love to anyone. He was so mental all the time."

Big family picnics are traditional on the Fourth of July. Still it was quite a gang that showed up for hamburgers and homemade ice cream at **Bob Hope's** two-acre place in Hollywood. In fact, Bob had to charter a bus to bring the 53 Cleveland Hopes and their in-laws from the airport to the house to begin their week's visit, which will include Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. Hope footed the bill, but lamented: "If I could only claim them all on my income tax."

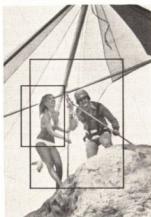


CAROLINE GOES TO WORK



BOB HOPE WITH ALL HIS FOLKS FROM CLEVELAND

- 1 If you own a 35mm SLR camera, a Vivitar 85-205mm automatic zoom lens is like having 121 lenses, but only carrying one. That means you can carefully select your shot, without moving, just picking the right focal length.
- 2 You can get the whole scene or zoom and get a large image of a distant subject. The 85mm is perfect for a portrait. The 205mm telephoto gives you a big image. And the Vivitar zoom is very compact, lightweight, only 7¼" long.
- 3 Sometimes you can't get close enough to the subject. Zoom in. And what pictures! The lens is so sharp it has become the favorite zoom lens of photographers in the U.S.A. Fits all popular 35mm SLR cameras including Canon, Mamiya/Sekor, Minolta, Konica Autoreflex, Pentax, Nikon, Nikkormat.
- 4 See your Vivitar dealer or write for a free folder on all Vivitar lenses. Marketed in the U.S.A. by **Ponder & Best, Inc.** 1630 Stewart St., Santa Monica, Calif. 90406. Precision Cameras of Canada Ltd., Montreal 308, Quebec.



¹Save space —
Carry 121 lenses.

²Be here, there,
everywhere.

³Zooming is faster
than moving.

⁴Vivitar Zoom Lens.



Deciding When Death Is Better Than Life

I am a broken piece of machinery. I am ready.
—Last words of Woodrow Wilson, Jan. 31, 1924

George Zygmanski, 26, lacked the former President's rhetorical skills, but as he lay in a hospital bed last month in Neptune, N.J., paralyzed from the neck down because of a motorcycle accident, he felt that he was a broken piece of machinery. He was ready to go. He begged his brother Lester, 23, to kill him. According to police, Lester complied—using a sawed-off shotgun at close range. Lester, who had enjoyed an unusually close relationship with his brother, has been charged with first-degree murder.

Last December Eugene Bauer, 59, was admitted to Nassau County Medical Center on Long Island with cancer of the throat. Five days later he was in a coma and given only two days to live. Then, charges the district attorney, Dr. Vincent A. Montemarano, 33, injected an overdose of potassium chloride into Bauer's veins. Bauer died within five minutes. Montemarano listed the cause of death as cancer, but prosecutors now say that it was a "mercy killing" and have accused the doctor of murder.

The two cases underscore the growing emotional controversy over euthanasia ("mercy killing") and the so-called right to die—that is, the right to slip from life with a minimum of pain for both the patient and his family. No one seriously advocates the impulsive taking of life, as in the Zygmanski shooting. A person suddenly crippled, no matter how severely, may yet show unpredictable improvement or regain at least a will to live. Whether or not to speed the passage of a fatally ill patient is a far subtler question. The headlong advances of medical science make the issue constantly more complex for patients and their families, for doctors and hospitals, for theologians and lawyers.

The doctor's dilemma—how long to prolong life after all hope of recovery has gone—has some of its roots in half-legendary events of 2,400 years ago. When Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," sat under his giant plane tree on the Aegean island of Kos, euthanasia (from the Greek meaning "a good death") was widely practiced and took many different forms. But from beneath that plane tree came words that have been immortalized in the physician's Hippocratic oath, part of which reads: "I will neither give a deadly drug to anybody, if asked for, nor will I make a suggestion to this effect."

Down the centuries, this has been interpreted by most physicians to mean that they must not give a patient a fatal overdose, no matter how terrible his pain or how hopeless his prospects. Today many scholars contend that the origin of this item in the oath has been misinterpreted. Most likely it was designed to keep the physician from becoming an accomplice of palace poisoners or of a man seeking to get rid of a wife.

The most emphatic opponents of euthanasia have been clergymen, of nearly all denominations. Churchmen protest that if a doctor decides when a patient is to die, he is playing God. Many physicians still share this objection. However much they may enjoy a secret feeling of divinity when dispensing miraculous cures, to play the angel of death is understandably repugnant. Moreover, as psychoanalysts point out, they are chillingly reminded of their own mortality.

At a recent conference chaired by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. W.F. Anderson of Glasgow University, a professor of geriatric medicine, called euthanasia "medicated manslaughter." Modern drugs, he argued, can keep a patient sufficiently pain-free to make mercy killing, in effect, obsolete. Perhaps. There is no doubt, however, that a panoply of new techniques and equipment can be and often are used to keep alive people who are both hopelessly ill and cruelly debilitated. Artificial respirators, blood-matching and transfusion systems, a variety of fluids that can safely be given intravenously to medicate, nourish and maintain electrolyte balance—these

and many other lifesavers give doctors astonishing powers.

Until about 25 years ago, the alternatives facing a doctor treating a terminally ill patient were relatively clear. He could let nature take its sometimes harsh course, or he could administer a fatal dose of some normally beneficent drug. To resort to the drug would be to commit what is called active euthanasia. In virtually all Western countries, that act is still legally considered homicide (though juries rarely convict in such cases).

On the record, physicians are all but unanimous in insisting that they never perform active euthanasia, for to do so is a crime. Off the record, some will admit that they have sometimes hastened death by giving an overdose of the medicine they had been administering previously. How many such cases there are can never be known.

Now, with wondrous machines for prolonging a sort of life, there is another set of choices. Should the patient's heart or lung function be artificially sustained for weeks or months? Should he be kept technically alive by physicochemical leg-



endemain, even if he has become a mere collection of organs and tissues rather than a whole man? If a decision is made not to attempt extraordinary measures, or if, at some point, the life-preserving machinery is shut off, then a previously unknown act is being committed. It may properly be called passive euthanasia. The patient is allowed to die instead of being maintained as a laboratory specimen.

While legal purists complain that euthanasia and the right to die peacefully are separate issues, the fact is that they are converging. With the increasing use of extraordinary measures, the occasions for passive euthanasia are becoming more frequent. The question of whether terminal suffering can be shortened by active or passive means is often highly technical—depending on the type of ailment. Thus the distinctions are becoming blurred, particularly for laymen.

No dicta from ancient Greece can neatly fit the modern logistics of death. Until this century, death was a relatively common event in the household, particularly among farm families. Today more than 70% of deaths in American cities occur in hospitals or nursing homes. Both medical care and death have been institutionalized, made remote and impersonal. In major med-

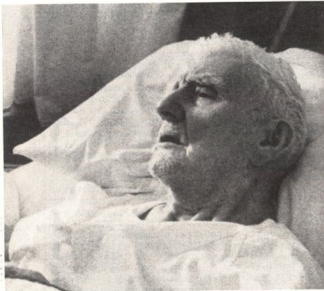
ical centers the family doctor is elbowed out by specialists and house physicians who have their elaborate and expensive gadgets. The tendency is to use them.

"The idea of not prolonging life unnecessarily has always been more widely accepted outside the medical profession than within it," says a leading Protestant (United Church of Christ) theologian, University of Chicago's Dr. James Gustafson. "Now a lot of physicians are rebelling against the triumphalism inherent in the medical profession, against this sustaining of life at all costs. But different doctors bring different considerations to bear. The research-oriented physician is more concerned with developing future treatments, while the patient-oriented physician is more willing to allow patients to make their own choices."

House-staff physicians, says Tufts University's Dr. Melvin J. Krant in *Prism*, an A.M.A. publication, "deal with the fatality ill as if they were entirely divorced from their own human ecology. The search for absolute biological knowledge precludes a search for existential or symbolic knowledge, and the patient is deprived of his own singular humanism." The house staff, Krant says, assumes "that the patient always prefers life over death at any cost, and a patient who balks at a procedure is often viewed as a psychiatric problem."

Technical wizardry has, in fact, necessitated a new defi-

VERNON MERRITT III



nition of death. For thousands of years it had been accepted that death occurred when heart action and breathing ceased. This was essentially true, because the brain died minutes after the heart stopped. But with machines, it is now possible to keep the brain "alive" almost indefinitely. With the machines unplugged, it would soon die. In cases where the brain ceases to function first, heart and lung activity can be artificially maintained. While legal definitions of death lag far behind medical advances, today's criterion is, in most instances, the absence of brain activity for 24 hours.

The question then, in the words of Harvard Neurologist Robert Schwab, is "Who decides to pull the plug, and when?" Cutting off the machines—or avoiding their use at all—is indeed passive euthanasia. But it is an ethical decision—not murder, or any other crime, in any legal code. So stern a guardian of traditional morality as Pope Pius XII declared that life need not be prolonged by extraordinary means.

But Pius insisted, as have most other moralists, that life must be maintained if it is possible to do so by ordinary means—that is, feeding, usual drug treatment, care and shelter. This attitude is supported by history. It would have been tragic, in 1922,

to hasten the end of diabetics, for the medical use of insulin had just been discovered. Similar advances have lifted the death sentence for victims of hydrocephalus and acute childhood leukemia. But such breakthroughs are rare. For the aged and patients in severely deteriorated condition, the time for miracles has probably passed.

Faced with a painful and tenuous future and an all-too-tangible present crisis, how does the doctor decide what to do? Does he make the decision alone? Dr. Malcolm Todd, president-elect of the American Medical Association, wants doctors to have help at least in formulating a general policy. He proposes a commission of laymen, clergy, lawyers and physicians. "Society has changed," says Todd. "It's up to society to decide." The desire to share the responsibility is reasonable, but it is unlikely that any commission could write guidelines to cover adequately all situations. In individual cases, of course, many doctors consult the patient's relatives. But the family is likely to be heavily influenced by the physician's prognosis. More often than not, it must be a lonely decision made by one or two doctors.

Some conscientious physicians may not even be certain when they have resorted to euthanasia. Says Dr. Richard Kessler, associate dean of Northwestern University Medical School: "There's no single rule you can apply. For me it is always an intensely personal, highly emotional, largely unconscious, quasi-religious battle. I have never said to myself in cold analytic fashion, 'Here are the factors, this is the way they add up, so now I'm going to pull the plug.' Yet I and most doctors I know have acted in ways which would possibly shorten certain illnesses—without ever verbalizing it to ourselves or anyone else."

Kessler's ambivalence is shared by Father Richard McCormick of Loyola University's School of Theology. There are cases, McCormick observes, where the line is hard to draw. One example: a Baltimore couple who let their mongoloid baby die of starvation by refusing permission for an operation to open his digestive tract. The operation might have been considered an ordinary means of treatment, if the child had not been a mongoloid. "In cases like that," says McCormick, "you're passing judgment on what quality of life that person will have. And once you pass judgment that certain kinds of life are not worth living, the possible sequence is horrifying. In Nazi Germany they went from mental defectives to political enemies to whole races of people. This kind of judgment leads to the kind of mentality that makes such things possible."

For cases where the line is unclear between ordinary and extraordinary means, Roman Catholic theology offers an escape clause: the principle of double effect. If the physician's intention is to relieve pain, he may administer increasing doses of morphine, knowing full well that he will eventually reach a lethal dosage.

When Sigmund Freud was 83, he had suffered from cancer of the jaw for 16 years and undergone 33 operations. "Now it is nothing but torture," he concluded, "and makes no sense any more." He had a pact with Max Schur, his physician. "When he was again in agony," Schur reported, "I gave him two centigrams of morphine. I repeated this dose after about twelve hours. He lapsed into a coma and did not wake up again." Freud died with dignity at his chosen time.

Dr. Schur's decision was, in the end, relatively easy. More often, there are unavoidable uncertainties in both active and passive euthanasia. Doctors may disagree over a prognosis. A patient may be so depressed by pain that one day he wants out, while the next day, with some surcease, he has a renewed will to live. There is the problem of heirs who may be thinking more of the estate than of the patient when the time to pull the plug is discussed. Doctors will have to live with these gray areas, perhaps indefinitely. Attempts to legalize active euthanasia—under severe restrictions—have failed in the U.S. and Britain but will doubtless be revived. The fundamental question, however, is humane rather than legal. To die as Freud died should be the right of Everyman.

■ Gilbert Cant

Hot Dog and Pudge

Box scores seldom reflect the real gems of baseball, the shining acts of talent or instinct that can catch an opponent totally unaware. In a recent game with the Cincinnati Reds, for example, the Houston Astros' Cesar Cedeño was on first when a double was hit to left field. Though the ball was pegged back to the infield quickly, Cedeño unexpectedly kept going. Before the surprised Reds could respond, Cedeño rounded third at top speed and raced home to score. Last week at Yankee Stadium, in a tight situation—two outs, ninth inning, bases loaded with Bronx Bombers, a count of two balls and one strike—Batter Felipe Alou was looking for a fast ball. Instead, Boston Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk signaled for a curve. Pitcher John Curtis came in with a sharply breaking pitch that Alou, caught off stride, took for a strike. Then, guessing rightly that Alou was set for another curve, Fisk called for a fast ball that Alou—regarded as a foxy clutch hitter—feebly popped up to clinch a 1-0 Boston victory.

Though Cedeño, 22, is playing in his third full season and Fisk, 25, is only in his sophomore year in the majors, their daring, heady play has won them the kind of adulation usually reserved for seasoned stars. At the All-Star Game in Kansas City on July 24, Cedeño will patrol center field for the National League while Fisk will be behind the plate for the American League. The All-Star vote by fans confirms what most baseball men already concede: Cedeño,

an unabashed hot-shot from the Dominican Republic, and Fisk, a self-reliant Yankee from New Hampshire, are two of the finest young pros in the game.

Cedeño (pronounced Suh-dane-yo) is "like a wild man," says Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson. "Everything is attack with him—the pitchers, the bases, the fly balls. He's the sort other professionals would pay to watch." Astro Manager Leo Durocher agrees: "There are only five things you can do in baseball—run, throw, catch, hit, and hit with power. Cedeño is outstanding in all five." Durocher likens his center-fielder to the young Willie Mays. Former Pittsburgh Pirate Manager Harry Walker calls him the "second Roberto Clemente." Cedeño disagrees. "I am," he says with typical bravado, "the first Cedeño."

Cave-Man Style. Astro scouts suspected as much when they first saw Cedeño play in the Dominican Republic in 1967. To avoid the prying eyes of rival scouts, the Houston recruiters hustled their 16-year-old find off to a remote field for a tryout. After he poled seven balls over the fence, the Astros signed him for a \$3,000 bonus just minutes before a St. Louis Cardinal scout arrived at the Cedeño home with another offer. Cesar hit so lustily in the minor leagues that in 1970 he was called to Houston at midseason.

Cedeño, who says that he learned English from watching *The Flintstones* on TV, was at first like a cave man with a club, overswinging to the point that his batting average tapered off to .264 in 1971. Last year he learned to control his quick wrists and rhythmic swing so well that he led the Astros in hitting with a .320 average. Though he has missed nearly 20 games this season because of injuries, his 13 home runs, 29 stolen bases and .313 average as of last week have caused Houston fans to rename the Astrodome "Cesar's Palace."

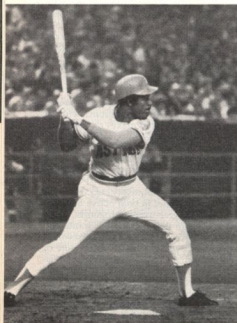
KEN SCHAFERMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Cedeño pulls off so many flashy plays in the field that some rivals accuse him of being a "hot dog"—baseballer for show-off. Once, in a tight contest with the Los Angeles Dodgers, Cedeño ended the game with a spectacular diving catch and then lay motionless on the field. As teammates rushed to his assistance, he was overcome with convulsions—of laughter. "I just thought I'd lie here for a while," he said, "so I'll get a big hand when I go in." He also travels with tape recordings of himself singing songs in Spanish because "I love to listen to myself."

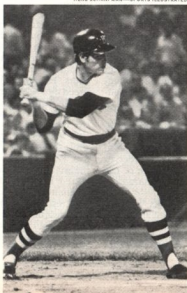
Quiet Contrast. Fisk, on the other hand, speaks out only "when I think there's a need." Beginning as a third-string catcher with the Red Sox last season, he felt a need to play regularly. He got his chance in the first month of the season, and, says Boston Manager Eddie Kasko, "once he got into the lineup, I couldn't get him out." Neither could rival teams, and Fisk became the only rookie to play for either team in last year's All-Star Game. Then, in a rare display of truculence for a rookie, Fisk criticized Boston Stars Carl Yastrzemski and Reggie Smith for their lack of desire to win and for "not lending inspiration to the team." Though Smith was more miffed than Yastrzemski, neither could fault Fisk's hustling style of play. After batting .293, slugging .22 home runs and driving in 61 runs, he became the first player in American League history to win Rookie of the Year honors by a unanimous vote of the sports writers.

Carlton, son of Cecil, brother of Calvin, Cedric and Conrad, and father of Carlyn and Carson, is known in Charlestown, N.H., as Pudge. He won a basketball scholarship to the University of New Hampshire but realized that he was too short at 6 ft. 2 in. to make it as a forward in pro basketball. Therefore he signed a Red Sox contract in 1967. After a so-so performance in the minors, he joined the Red Sox and developed a discriminating eye. "Most young players chase a lot of bad pitches," says Kasko, "but not Pudge. He knows the strike zone." This season he is hitting .290, has 17 home runs and 43 runs batted in.

As a strategist, Fisk "just seems to know how to call a game," says Kasko. "It's intuitive with him." Quick and agile for a backstop, Fisk recently pulled off an unusual and spectacular double play against the Baltimore Orioles. With a runner on third base, the Baltimore batter laid down a bunt in an attempted suicide squeeze play. Fisk pounced on the ball, leaped backward to tag the runner sliding home, and then whirled and threw the batter out at first. "I value being in control of myself and any situation I'm in," says Fisk. "I'd like to be the guy they build this team around."



CEDENO LEANING IN



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GEO-THERMAL

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Why restrict our most abundant fuel?

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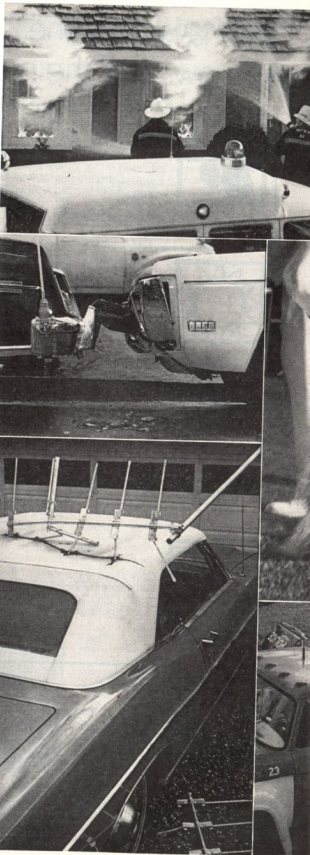
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RELIGION

A People's Cathedral

Magisterially perched on the cliffs of Manhattan's Morningside Heights, the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine was founded 100 years ago and grew to be the largest Gothic church in the world. In the long process of construction—the choir arising around the turn of the century, the nave and west front after World War I—the builders expressed an ecumenical vision in the form of special chapels honoring Italian, Spanish, Irish and other ethnic patron saints. But the church was never finished, and it may never be.

Today, on the heights overlooking Harlem, St. John the Divine stands surrounded by an even wider variety of ethnic New Yorkers: blacks and Puerto Ricans, Jews, Cubans, Japanese, some dozen others. It also stands, in its granite splendor, like a monumental island of wealth and power in a sea of urban debris. To overcome that image, the cathedral is now being recast in the role of its great medieval counterparts, to become, in the words of its new dean, the Very Rev. James P. Morton, "a holy place for the whole city."

Since Morton took over the post last fall, the cathedral's deeds have been as good as his resolve. When St. Patrick's Cathedral, cluttered with scaffolding during restoration, could not welcome Labor Organizer Cesar Chavez to New York, St. John's did—with both Roman Catholic and Jewish officials in attendance. Last winter angry Indian leaders stood in its pulpit to argue the issues dramatized at Wounded Knee. On Inauguration night last January, New Yorkers crowded St. John's for a "Vigil for the Peace" that featured prayers, poetry, dance and drama. Continuing a musical exuberance that has included an anniversary Mass for *Hair*, the cathedral's vaulted nave has lately reverberated with Harlem soul and songs from *Godspell* as well as the traditional Bach organ recitals. But Morton has begun long-lasting projects too.

► The cathedral backed an ambitious pilot program to encourage the poor to rehabilitate, and ultimately own, their own apartments. With an initial seed-money loan from St. John's, a group of poor, racially mixed tenants took over a nearby city-owned tenement, stripped the shabby interiors and are building modern apartments to replace the narrow, cold-water flats. The city is providing money for building materials and such necessary professional help as plumbing and electrical advisers. In return for their "sweat equity," the builder-residents will make payments as low as \$80 per month and ultimately own the building as a cooperative. The city now plans more such projects.

► The cathedral has become the official home for some ten independent

organizations, ranging from the Puerto Rican Dance Theater to the Thomas Merton Life Center, an ecumenical group devoted to nonviolence.

► A "non-seminary," the Cathedral Institute of Theology, will begin classes next fall for laymen and women as well as Episcopal ministerial candidates. Headed by Cathedral Canon and Theologian William Johnson, the institute will offer both academic and practical courses on evenings and Saturdays.

► Another academic venture sponsored by the cathedral is the Schola Musicae Liturgicae, a consortium of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish seminaries and musical institutions for the study of sacred music and allied arts.

► The cathedral has played host this year for classes in the Chinese contemplative exercises, Tai Chi Chuan, and for a series of workshops in Sufism, an ancient mystical offspring of Islam. "The cathedral is Christian," explains Morton, "but there are other religious experiences we can make available, spiritual disciplines that at the moment are difficult to find in Christianity."

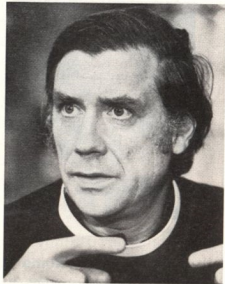
Perhaps the most ambitious program of all is the one Dean Morton envisions for the uncompleted cathedral building. Morton won honors as an architecture student (Harvard, '51) before becoming a minister, and these days he leads visitors through the unused cathedral crypt to demonstrate his hopes. For one vast, two-story room in the crypt, Morton is working on plans for a Greek-style theater. In a vaulted side chamber he would like to see a balcony restaurant to serve both neighborhood families and the cathedral's daily flocks of tourists. Other chambers could become studios, lecture halls and program areas for community groups.

Morton's plans for the cathedral also include building up St. John's more traditional role as the seat of the Episcopal diocese of New York, a project, like all the others, that has the enthusiastic backing of the man who nominated him to be dean, the diocese's activist new bishop, the Rt. Rev. Paul Moore Jr. The congenial alliance between Morton and Moore goes back more than 20 years, to a day when Moore, then a young inner-city pastor in Jersey City, visited Harvard. Morton was fascinated with Moore's vision of the church as a vigorous community center. Within a year Morton began studying for Episcopal ordination, and he later joined Moore's team ministry in Jersey City. In 1964 Morton began an eight-year tenure as the director of the adventurous Urban Training Center for Christian Mission in Chicago. Still an enthusiastic innovator, he hopes that St. John's can produce "profound alternatives for the major directions of civilization."

Morton is pleased that at least one group of young people has already cho-



WEST FRONT OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE



CATHEDRAL DEAN JAMES MORTON



MORTON & BUILDERS IN TENEMENT RESTORATION

RELIGION

sen the cathedral as the base for one of those alternatives: a religious community. The five men and three women, ranging in age from 20 to 30, went through a virtual catalogue of religious experiences before undergoing their Christian conversions. Now known as the Trees Group, they live in an apartment near the church, regularly give concerts at the cathedral and also perform tasks like guiding cathedral visitors. This fall they will take preliminary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

How do more conservative Episcopalians appraise Morton's efforts? One important voice among them, the Rev. Carroll E. Simcox, editor of the Episcopal weekly *The Living Church*, allows that Morton "would do and say things that I would not, but as a conservative and traditionalist, I have an ultimate trust and confidence in him."

MANFRED GROBE



THEOLOGIAN HANS KÜNG

fastly refused to come to Rome for examination by the doctrinal congregation, and the document is apparently a belated reply not only to his book on infallibility but also to his earlier, even more widely influential book called *The Church*, which proffered a broadly democratic concept of church authority residing in the "people of God." The declaration was said also to be aimed at other theologians who share Küng's method of appraising dogma in the light of church history. When Father Umberto Betti, a consultant to the congregation, was asked if the document was "a turn of the screw," he replied bluntly, "Yes, because there has been some unscrewing among theologians."

In itself, the document is neither new nor persuasive. On infallibility, the statement says little more than the councils have: that the "whole people of

CARLO BAVAGNO



POPE PAUL VI

A Warning from Rome

No one is infallible except God.
—Hans Küng, in *Infallible?*
An Inquiry

One of the important obstacles to the ecumenical movement is the Roman Catholic dogma that the Pope, when speaking *ex cathedra* ("from the chair" of St. Peter) on matters of faith and morals, is infallible. Actually, the doctrine has only been invoked once since it was officially defined in 1870. That was when Pius XII declared in 1950 that Mary was assumed bodily into heaven. Last week, however, the Vatican issued a sharp warning that the doctrine stands as proclaimed. It came in a 19-page document on "certain errors of the present day," ratified by Pope Paul VI and promulgated by the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith.

Though no individual target was named in the document itself, the Vatican's spokesman, Archbishop Joseph Schöffler, did single out Swiss-born Theologian Hans Küng of the University of Tübingen as the principal challenger of infallibility. Küng has stead-

God" are infallible when they universally hold a point of doctrine; that the bishops are infallible, even when scattered, when they formulate a doctrine together with the Pope, or together in an ecumenical council; and that the Pope is infallible when speaking *ex cathedra*. New Testament theologians, both Protestant and Catholic, may argue, however, with the document's assertion that Jesus himself "wished to endow [the Apostles' successors with] infallibility."

But the initial reaction of churchmen was one of indifference more than alarm. Protestant Theologian Martin Marty called the declaration "a symbol of what isn't going to work." Or as Priest-Sociologist Andrew Greeley put it more tartly, "That and 45¢ will get you a ride on the Chicago subway."

So far as Küng is concerned, he simply dismissed the whole document. The doctrinal congregation is "incapable of adding a valid contribution" to the theological discussion, he said. If the congregation does indeed reflect the full views of the Pope, however, its pronouncement does not encourage the prospects of ecumenism.



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Where Are You, Helga Sue?

When Helga Sue Gromowitz failed to keep an appointment with her guidance counselor at Twin Lakes High School in West Palm Beach, Fla., the counselor was not particularly surprised. After all, in a school of 2,000 students with a full roster of extracurricular activities, it is not uncommon for a student to miss an appointment or two.

Still, Helga Sue was not just any student. By her junior year the pretty, blue-eyed blonde had amassed a substantial number of honors. She was a member of the Debate Boosters club, the swimming team, the Red Cross club; she had written several stories for the school newspaper; she had been a candidate for the student council and an entrant in a contest to name a Miss Twin Lakes.

So when Helga Sue repeatedly failed to respond to messages rescheduling her appointment, Guidance Counselor Martha Mix began to ask questions. Helga Sue's friends attempted to cover for her by explaining that she was in Minnesota, where her father Claymore was suffering one of his recurring gall bladder attacks. The explanation proved to be imaginary. So did Helga Sue. Twin Lakes High's favorite student did not exist.

Loss of Identity. The need for a Helga Sue became apparent when all-black Roosevelt High was merged with all-white Palm Beach High in 1970. Concerned about racial tension and possible "loss of identity" among students whose familiar teams and clubs had been eliminated through the consolidation, school officials determined to make sure that Twin Lakes had enough honors for everyone—black and white.

"I think we had a queen of something for every day of the week," complained Terri Hanshaw, a senior involved in Helga Sue's creation. It was actually Terri's older sister Melanie who first conceived the idea in the school cafeteria. "We tried to think up the weirdest name we could imagine," she recalls.

In the course of time, Helga Sue grew into a symbol of protest against the size and impersonality of Twin Lakes High—and of solidarity among both black and white students. "Most kids wouldn't lend you a nickel if you were starving," says Terri, "but tell them you needed the money for some project involving Helga Sue, and they'd give you their lunch money."

Helga Sue's name became known throughout the school because she was often paged over the public address system: "Will Helga Sue Gromowitz come to the office? Your mother has brought your lunch." Then there was her ad in the Palm Beach Post, offering walruses for sale.

DEE CARTER—PALM BEACH POST



SKETCH OF "HELGA SUE"
A queen for every day.

Not long after she wrote a series of articles on student apathy in the school paper (actually the work of a staffer named Shelly Dodge), Helga Sue announced her candidacy for class treasurer. Her campaign poster—"Helga Sue, We're For You"—was plastered across the cafeteria walls. When she failed to show up for a scheduled campaign speech, an unsuspecting teacher acidly pointed out that her absence was "a perfect example of the student apathy" that Helga Sue herself had criticized. But it was not until the guidance counselor investigated that Helga Sue was officially exposed.

While a few faculty members had gradually become aware of Helga Sue's non-existence, Twin Lakes Principal Herbert Bridwell had not. When asked about the girl, he said, "I can't exactly place her, but the name does ring a bell."

College Credit for Fun

Some 14,000 years ago, as every myth lover knows, there was a vast cataclysm outside the Strait of Gibraltar and the entire continent of Atlantis sank forever beneath the sea. To rediscover what Plato had once called "a great and wonderful empire," 70 teachers, students and other Atlantians set off from New York last week for Cadiz, Spain, where they will start a skindiving exploration of the Spanish and Moroccan coastline. "I simply know we will find it

EDUCATION

because I am psychic," said the project's organizer, Maxine Asher, an audiovisual instruction expert at Pepperdine University in Los Angeles. "Oh, God, how strong the vibrations are these days!"

Pepperdine is granting the explorers up to six credit hours for the six-week expedition (cost per student: \$2,800), and that is typical of the increasingly widespread practice of granting academic credit for an extraordinary variety of summer projects. To demonstrate the possibilities, an enterprising Detroit *News* journalist named James Treloar has compiled a 386-page directory of who is offering what: *Educational Vacations '73* (Gale Research; Detroit, \$4.95). A sampling of the more unusual entries:

► Ecology of the Amazon—University of California. Study of flora, fauna and human inhabitants of the Amazon rain forest. Cost: \$1,468.

► Golf—Temple University. Analysis of swing by instant video replay and slow-motion film. Cost: \$80.

► European Seminar in Brass Instruments—Central Michigan University. Students will visit museum collections of brass instruments, attend concerts of brass players, visit factories where brass instruments are made. Cost: \$750.

► Vertebrate Paleontological Techniques—Appalachian State University. Course involves travel to Barmath, N. Dak., where students will excavate a dinosaur skeleton, transport it back to Boone, N.C., and reconstruct it. Cost: \$86.50-\$138 plus expenses.

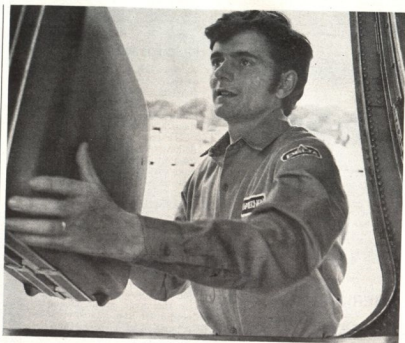
► Land and Life in the Grand Canyon—University of California at Davis. Study of the geology of the Grand Canyon from Lee's Ferry to Temple Bar. Course is conducted from rubber rafts floating down the Colorado River. Cost: \$345.

► European Study Tour in Foods—Indiana University of Pennsylvania. Visits to famed European restaurants, food markets, food stores. Itinerary in preparation. Cost: \$1,153.

► Alaska Sport Fishing—University of Alaska. Fishing on interior Alaska's best streams for grayling, rainbow trout, king salmon. Cost: \$136 plus food and lodging.

► European Traveling Seminar—UCLA. Students meet and discuss points of view with such notables as Arnold Toynbee, Gunnar Myrdal, Konrad Lorenz and Jacques Monod in their own locales throughout Europe during a course of study on animal behavior and its human implications. Cost: \$1,198.

► English Folk Dance—Queens College. Students will meet at the Pine-woods Camp in Buzzards Bay, Mass., for one week's instruction in country, morris, sword, and square dancing. Cost: \$95 plus room and board.

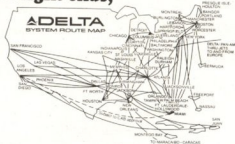


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Help for Whales

Once every 17 minutes, a great whale is killed, its back blown open by a grenade-tipped harpoon, its blood spewing into the ocean. The chief purpose: the manufacture of cosmetics, margarine, transmission oil and pet food.

To regulate the slaughter, the 14 nations of the International Whaling Commission* meet annually. For the most part, they listen to the Japanese and the Russians, who account for almost 90% of the whales killed every year, explain why they have a right to "harvest" yet more of the world's largest animals. At this year's meeting in London, however, the U.S. pushed hard for a ban on all whaling. The result: the most raucous conference in the I.W.C.'s 27-year history—and a possible reprieve for whales.

The great, gentle creatures need it. Of an estimated original population of some 4.4 million whales, no more than a few hundred thousand are left. Five species (blue, humpback, gray, bowhead and right) have already been so widely hunted that further killing is forbidden. Fin whales are at the danger point. Only sei, minke and sperm whales are still abundant enough to exploit—and their numbers are rapidly dwindling.

Unhappy Club. U.S. delegates started their offensive by challenging the whalers' self-serving estimates of remaining supplies. Says Dr. Lee Talbot, the U.S.'s chief scientific representative: "For the first time the I.W.C. recognized the high degree of unreliability of the basic information on which quotas were determined." Then the meeting turned to the business of setting more realistic quotas than last year's total of 38,600. That meant politics.

"Whales come under no nation's exclusive national jurisdiction and as such are an international trust in which all nations should have a voice," argued Robert M. White, U.S. commissioner to the I.W.C. Citing the overwhelming vote to end whaling at last year's U.N. environmental conference in Stockholm, he called for a ten-year moratorium to allow whale herds to regenerate. The proposal won eight votes. Though a 75% majority (eleven votes) was needed for the measure to be enacted, the Russians and Japanese were shocked. "Suddenly," says Talbot, "the I.W.C. ceased being a happy club for whalers."

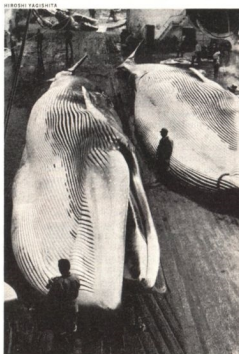
Goaded by U.S. arguments, even the minor whaling nations—notably Norway, Iceland and South Africa—turned

*The U.S., Japan, U.S.S.R., Britain, France, Canada, Australia, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, South Africa, Argentina, Mexico, Panama.

ENVIRONMENT

against Japan and the U.S.S.R. The quota for Antarctic fin whales was cut by 25% (to 1,450), and hunting them will be banned in 1976. The rules on Antarctic sperm whales were changed by dividing the ocean into regions; instead of killing virtually all sperm whales in a herd, whalers now can catch only a portion of their quota in any one region, then must move on. On minke whales, even the Russians opposed the Japanese and voted to hold the quota to 5,000 instead of increasing it to 8,000.

Economics, as well as conservationist zeal, explains the changes. As the



FIN WHALES ON JAPANESE FACTORY SHIP
Curbs on the carnage.

number of whales gets smaller and smaller, the cost of hunting them gets bigger and bigger. Russia and Japan alone can afford ocean-based whaling fleets, complete with spotter aircraft, factory ships, tankers and fast, sonar-equipped catcher boats. Moreover, the market for whale products is shrinking as cheaper substitutes are developed. The Japanese justify their enormous catch (14,477 whales last year) by saying they need the meat to feed their people, but in fact whale meat represents less than 1% of their protein diet. The Russians have an even weaker argument: much of their whale meat is sent to fur farms to feed minks and sables.

Both nations can officially disregard I.W.C. quotas if they announce such a decision before October. But that seems unlikely, for it might well lead to an embarrassing vote of censure by the U.N.

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SWINDLES

Battling the Biggest Fraud

It may be a letter in the mailbox saying, "Management opportunities starting at \$18,000 a year are available in a new chemical company." Or a telephone caller asking, "Would you be interested in doubling or tripling your income on a part-time basis?" Or a young woman "pollster" on a street corner questioning passers-by, "Do you feel you are being paid what you are worth?"

In whatever form, the evidence means the same thing: the pyramid operators are coming. Back of their fast talk is a billion-dollar industry—and the nation's No. 1 consumer fraud. Federal and state regulatory officials have been chasing pyramids for years, but only lately have the efforts begun to pay off.

Full Restitution. Glenn Turner, the best known of the lot, was released last week from a West German jail where he had been fighting extradition to Britain on fraud charges; the charges were dropped, but he still must stand trial in Florida for mail fraud in connection with his Dare-to-Be-Great motivational course and Koscot Interplanetary cosmetics firm. William Penn Patrick, a former mentor of Turner's, was charged last month by the Securities and Exchange Commission with bilking some 80,000 people out of more than \$250 million through his Holiday Magic cosmetics and soap empire. Shortly after the charges were made, Patrick was killed when he piloted a plane into a mountain; the case against the company goes to trial this week in a San Francisco federal court. Last month the Federal Trade Commission found Holiday Magic guilty of deceptive trade practices and is demanding full restitution to Holiday Magic investors. The Bestline Products soap firm, its president, William Bailey, and a dozen other officials were hit last month by the California Superior Court for a penalty payment of \$1,852,000 and further ordered to make restitution to their victims.

Pyramiding is a marketing technique based on strudel-like layers of "distributorships." Recruits pulled in by the rosy letters, phone calls and pollsters are invited to a revival-type "opportunity meeting." There they are whipped into hopeful enthusiasm by spielers, who talk about incomes of up to \$108,000 a year for peddling the company's products and recruiting new distributors.

The faithful often end up losing small fortunes instead of making them. The products—usually cosmetics, soaps or vitamins—are generally overpriced and do not sell well. To advance from mere salesman to distributor, recruits

must pay the firm several thousand dollars and sign up for costly "leadership training" courses.

Once a salesman becomes a distributor, he receives cash bonuses for signing up other salesmen and distributors, and extra bonuses for any distributors whom his distributors sign up—a process equivalent to an illegal chain letter. SEC officials calculate that if each Holiday Magic distributor signed up as many distributors as the company claims he is expected to, at the end of a year 305,175,780 people would be selling the stuff. Says Mrs. Thurman H. Bane, an 84-year-old Monterey, Calif., woman who was left with unsalable Bestline soap powder stacked to her ceiling: "I began to see that the Bestline people weren't selling soap. They were selling memberships. They were out to catch all the suckers they could, and I admit I was one of them."

Hundreds of court injunctions have been filed against pyramids before, but they usually settle out of court or ignore the actions and set up their operations elsewhere. The SEC move against Holiday Magic and the California suit against Bestline are refreshing departures. The SEC is asking not just for an injunction but also for the forfeiture of all the pyramid's profits; the suit contends that pyramiding is tantamount to selling unregistered securities. In the Bestline case, state officials declined to settle out of court and instead pressed their suit to its conclusion. Judge Ken-

neth Holland hopes that by establishing a precedent of stiff damages against Bestline, he may make other pyramids reluctant to do business in California and encourage other state judges to clobber them.

The battle is far from over. Pyramid operations seem to have an irresistible attraction for people with low incomes and high expectations. "The real tragedy is that Holiday Magic appeals to minority people who want to get rich," says SEC Staff Lawyer Louis F. Burke. "It's the little guy who can't read who gets ripped off." Pyramids also have a knack for forming new companies as soon as the old ones come under fire. Despite a pending FTC cease-and-desist order and numerous state injunctions, Bestline last week was still doing business in all 50 states and several foreign countries. Laments the SEC's Burke: "If Holiday Magic flounders here, they can still rape Europe, Africa, Latin America and the Far East."



MRS. BANE AT HOME WITH UNSALABLE SOAP



2 parties per week
only \$8.00 per person
individual volume
\$700.00 per mo.
10 distributors =
\$7,000.00 per mo.

FRAME FROM BESTLINE PROMOTION FILM

GLENN TURNER HUSTLING

RETAILING

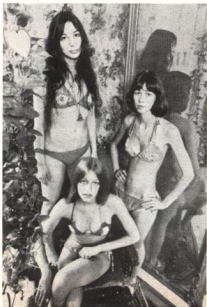
Rags to Riches (Really)

It is a select group of commodities that gain value with age and use: Rolls-Royces, Tiffany lamps—and now blue jeans. Faded Levi's, adorned with embroidery or appliqué, are commanding designer-original prices at stores across the country. Manhattan's Lord & Taylor sells recycled and decorated jeans for \$26 the pair, with matching jackets for \$32; when new, the jeans cost no more than \$10 each. A Manhattan boutique offers scraps of old Levi's fashioned into a bikini for \$20, and next fall will sell a trench coat for \$185. Saks Fifth Avenue stores in Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Boston and Chicago have sold out their initial stocks of \$26 faded denim jackets, \$26 shirts and \$17 pants. Says Ben Sampson, a vice president at Cone Mills, a major producer of denim: "The washed-out look is here to stay."

Couture mavens began sporting bleached *bleu-jean* jacket-and-pants outfits in St. Tropez, and the craze spread. Today mills in France, Britain, Yugoslavia and Hong Kong as well as the U.S. are turning out prefaded denim. They commonly send standard indigo-dyed fabric to a laundry for as many as four washings until the antique shade is obtained.

The highest prices are tagged to genuine used denim tempered by years of wear and spruced up with colorful embroidery. Many of the old jeans are acquired by scrap-clothes dealers and sold to boutiques. In the past year, the price of old denim has tripled and even Levi Strauss & Co., which introduced denim a century ago, is marketing secondhand wear. Last month the firm sold 7,000 pairs of Levi's that had been returned by dissatisfied customers to Abraham & Straus and other retailers. Within weeks, almost the entire batch was bought. The company plans another sale—as soon as enough rejects pile up.

MODELING USED-DENIM BIKINIS



PRODUCTS

Inventing a New Wheel

French Tire Maker François Michelin once boasted, "The automobile is an accessory of the tire." Italy's Pirelli company is trying hard to prove the point. The leading Italian rubber manufacturer has rolled out a prototype tire that, according to company officers, practically eliminates the chance of a blowout or the need for a spare; when deflated, it can run for more than 100 miles at cruising speeds.

The secret is in the tire's shape, which in cross section is roughly triangular (see diagram). In a conventional rounded tire, air pressure puts a heavy outward force on the sidewalls; a puncture causes the tire to collapse abruptly. By compressing the sidewalls downward, the Pirelli tire's triangular shape diverts much of this pressure to where the rubber meets the road. Also, the tire contains much less air to begin with, and the rubber is thicker. If punctured, the tire merely deflates gently, allowing the driver to roll along on essentially solid rubber until he can reach a repair station.

One technical advantage, according to Pirelli: since the all-rubber sidewalls are not under great tension, they do not have to be reinforced with textiles, steel or glass, as conventional tires are now. Thus the manufacturing process is much simpler and easier to automate. One disadvantage: any auto manufacturer would have to redesign his wheels to use the new, smaller Pirelli tire.

Pirelli men claim that this is a potential plus. The space freed by the smaller tires and by not having to carry a spare, they say, can be used to contain improved suspension and braking systems. Though nobody is yet building such a car, Pirelli men are discussing their new tire with auto manufacturers and figure that it could go into mass production in two or three years.

RECYCLED LEVI'S IN MANHATTAN



CROSS SECTION OF STANDARD TIRE

PIRELLI'S TRIANGULAR MODEL



COMPUTERS

Great Bleep Forward

Computers, said an official Soviet encyclopedia in 1955, are part of a "capitalist ploy used for increasing the exploitation of the working class by creating artificial redundancy and also loosening the revolutionary tie between the worker and the means of production." Times have changed. The Soviet Union is now rushing to wire its economy up to the computer, and the great bleep forward could open up enormous trade opportunities for Western computer firms.

The current five-year plan calls for investing more than \$4 billion in computer technology—six times the amount in the last plan. By 1975, the Soviets aim to increase their stock of high-speed computers from about 7,000 to some 22,000. Even if that goal is met, the U.S.S.R. will have only about one-sixth as many of the machines as the U.S. has today. This year, the Soviets introduced a series of sophisticated computers called the Riad (Row) System, the first entirely new line since 1964. The Riad models are about the equal of the IBM System/360, which came out in the mid-1960s. Says Wade Holland, editor of the Rand Corp.'s *Soviet Cybernetics Review*: "The Soviet computer industry has always been a shambles."

Compared with Western models, Soviet computers tend to be slower, less reliable, and have less extensive memories. Russia's most widely used model still in production, the Minsk-32, can perform 100,000 operations a second and has a memory that accommodates 30,000 "bytes," or items of information. By contrast, the IBM System/370-135 can do 500,000 operations a second and retain up to 246,000 bytes. Only about 10% of Soviet computers are so-called third-generation, integrated-circuit

models, and many are first-generation contraptions that use vacuum tubes, which were phased out in U.S. computers more than a decade ago. Soviet peripheral equipment and programming are also far cruder than in the West.

Why has the U.S.S.R. been so slow to computerize? The Soviets are adept at performing technological spectacles—like orbiting a Sputnik—but inept at quality mass production and mass distribution. Computer Scientist Allen Reiter, who interviewed some 100 Soviet computer workers who have emigrated to Israel, concludes: "The Soviet mainframe industry is characterized by disjointedness. One plant keeps its work secret from another plant, and they come out with incompatible products." They are also weak on service. The Minsk enterprise, Russia's largest computer maker, began servicing its products only in 1970; before then, customers had to train their own maintenance men. Soviet managers still have little understanding of computers. Says the Rand Corp.'s Holland: "Factory managers think that all they have to do is plug them in like an electric fan."

Think Big. To meet their new goals, the Soviets may well have to buy much more Western equipment or even allow Western firms to set up plants there. The Soviets have bought about 100 Western computers, 21 of them from Britain's International Computers Ltd. But the Russians are beginning to prefer U.S. gear to European machines; they feel that American computer makers think on the same large scale as they do and have the technology to implement their thinking.

Control Data Corp. has delivered the largest Western machine in the Soviet Union, a Model 6200 now at the Dubna Research Institute; the company is negotiating the setting up of a time-sharing network in Russia. Honeywell's French-based subsidiary, Honeywell Bull, has just installed an automated record-keeping system at the Gosbank in Leningrad. Last May IBM sold a computerized reservation system to Intourist, and the Soviets' new Riad series is designed to be compatible with IBM peripheral equipment and software.

In 1970 the Soviets invited IBM to set up a plant in Russia, but the deal fell through because the Soviets insisted on a joint venture, an arrangement that IBM opposes as a matter of policy. U.S. businessmen who deal regularly with the U.S.S.R. say that IBM is engaged in a new round of secret talks with the Soviets, but IBM executives will not confirm it. Honeywell men are negotiating with the Soviets and expect to open a Moscow office soon. In the past, the U.S. Government has blocked sales of many high-technology items like computers to the Soviet Union if it appeared that national defense might be compromised. In the rosy afterglow of the Nixon-Brezhnev summit, U.S. computer men are hoping President Nixon will relax the embargo.

EYECATCHERS

Chasing the Chinese

Genial David Rockefeller, the quintessential capitalist, visited China, chatted amiably with Chou En-lai for two hours, and came home last week with a deal. Chase Manhattan Bank, of which Rockefeller is chairman and major stockholder, will become the first U.S. correspondent that the Bank of China has had in 24 years. Other U.S. banks will probably follow Chase by year's end. Though Chase will not soon open a branch in Peking, it will begin immediately to handle remittances and letters of credit.

More services will be offered when the U.S. and China agree on repatriating funds that were frozen in both countries when the Communists took over. Rockefeller predicted that these assets may be unlocked "within weeks." Even so, Sino-American trade will not expand to its fullest until the U.S. Congress grants Most Favored Nation status to China.

Still, the banking deal was a coup for Rockefeller. Chase's archival, New York's First National City Bank, passed Chase in deposits in 1969, and much of "Citibank's" growth has been due to booming overseas operations. But in May Chase beat Citibank to the punch, opening the first U.S. banking office to appear in Moscow since 1922. Indeed, the Communists, who like to deal with the topmost people, are captivated by the very name of Rockefeller.

The Norse Raider

While becoming one of Norway's richest men, self-made Shipping Magnate Hilmar Reksten, 75, made more than his share of business enemies. Even two of his children sued him in disputes over money. He was luckier in his two marriages to rich women, who helped to tide him over in tough times. Reksten amassed a fleet of 15 ships, 2.3 million dead-weight tons, and the recent boom in tanker rates has greatly enhanced his multimillion-dollar fortune. At times, he can even let his ships lie idle

while waiting for rates to go still higher.

Lately the Norseman has hit American shores. He began by maneuvering to buy Zapata Naess, the shipping branch of Houston's big, diversified Zapata Corp.—and management resisted. Then Reksten offered to buy control of the entire corporation from shareholders; to prevent that, Zapata management caved in and agreed to sell the shipping branch. Last week a Reksten-dominated company joined with London's P & O Steam Navigation Co. to buy Zapata Naess for \$208 million in cash and notes.

Zapata Corp.'s shipping operations netted half of its \$29.5 million gross profit last year. The deal gives Reksten many more ships to move around on the high seas; Zapata Naess has 37 ships—mostly tankers and bulk carriers—totaling 2.3 million dead-weight tons. With demand rising for oil—and the tankers that carry it—the old Norseman stands to make a new fortune.

The Ultimate Contract

"My face is slightly lopsided," says Model Lauren Hutton, 28. Since 1966, that face has been on the cover of *Vogue* 17 times, making Hutton one of the hottest models in the fashion world. It has also led to a minicareer in films (*Paper Lion*, *Little Fauss* and *Big Halsey*).

Now Hutton has signed a contract with Manhattan's Charles Revson Inc. that will make her one of the highest-paid women in U.S. business. Over the next two years, she will collect just under \$200,000 to be in all the magazine ads and television commercials for the high-priced Charles Revson/Ultima II line of eye makeup and skin creams; she will also make promotional appearances and speak at meetings of the company's sales people. The more than \$2,000,000 campaign goes into high gear next month.

Unprecedented in terms of the sum paid to the model, the deal prohibits Hutton from appearing in other ads. She is not unhappy about that because it will give her more free time to pursue her hobby of flying to faraway places to observe bats. Chairman Revson, who also heads Revlon Inc., picked Hutton for the job and hired Richard Avedon to photograph the ads. Revson figures that Hutton's slightly imperfect features—she says she has cross-eyes and a banana-shaped nose—will help boost Ultima's sales, because "she's a fantasy in a way, but she's a fantasy in the reach of our customers."



ROCKEFELLER



HUTTON

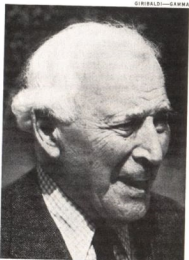


REKSTEN

A Museum with a Message

The Bible has been a source of inspiration for Marc Chagall ever since he was a boy living in the ghetto of Vitebsk in White Russia. He has drawn dozens of illustrations for the holy book. During the 1960s, when he was a resident of Vence, a hill village above the French Riviera, he painted a series of radiantly colored oils depicting scenes from the Old Testament, intended to hang in several local chapels.

The chapels, it turned out, were too humid to house the canvases. "I don't want to sell these paintings. I'm going to give them to you," Chagall told André Malraux, France's Minister of Culture, whose fondness for Chagall's work resulted in major commissions for



MARC CHAGALL IN NICE

the painter in past years, notably the decorations for the ceiling of the Paris Opera. Replied Malraux: "All right, Chagall. Then we'll construct a building for them."

That was five years ago. Last week, on the artist's 86th birthday, the building was officially opened. A long, low complex of pale gray and white alpine stone set amidst silvery olive and eucalyptus trees in the ancient Roman quarter of Nice, the new museum was built at a cost of more than \$2,000,000 on three acres of land donated by the city. It is the first French museum devoted to the works of a living artist. Formally called the National Museum of the Biblical Message of Marc Chagall, it is already a new stop on the rich Riviera route for modern art tourists that includes the Léger museum in Biot, the Picasso collection in Antibes, the Matisse chapel in Vence and the Maeght Foundation in St.-Paul-de-Vence.

In addition to the 17 big oils, Chagall also presented the new museum with 39 gouaches and 105 engravings dating from a trip to Palestine in 1931 (for Chagall's most celebrated graphic project, an illustrated Bible commissioned by Art Dealer Ambroise Vollard). There are also a number of other works, including three stained-glass windows designed especially for the concert hall that is part of the museum.

Clad in a paint-spattered sports coat ("I'm painting myself these days"), Chagall energetically, and critically, supervised the hanging of his works. Dismissing an awed admirer's allusion as "Chagall's Sistine Chapel" with a twinkling "Let's not exaggerate," the snowy-haired octogenarian defined his Biblical Message: "I want this place to be neither a museum nor a chapel but a place where everyone can come to pray or dream in his own way."



ABSTRACTIONIST JULES OLITSKI

Color in the Mist

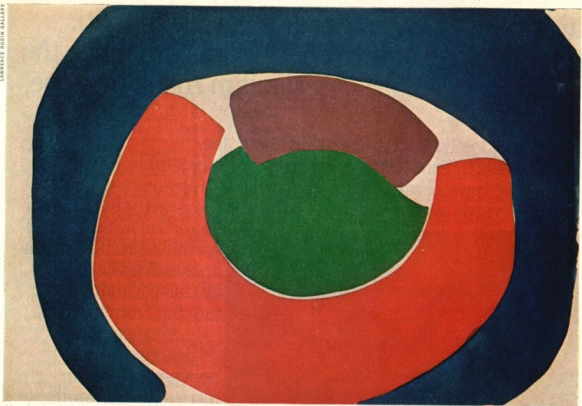
There is hardly a living American abstractionist more laden with praise than that master of the peachy void, Jules Olitski. To call him the most suave and accomplished of color-field painters is one thing. But to claim him as a hero of history is weirdly premature. In a catalogue introduction to the Olitski retrospective that he organized for Boston's Museum of Fine Arts (it is currently on view at the Albright-Knox Museum in Buffalo), Curator Kenworth Moffett pronounced that "Olitski is ... saving the easel painting itself as a viable modernist idiom." No less.

Yet for all the excess of such encomiums, Olitski—a husky, affable, blunt-headed Russian who was born in Snovsk in 1922 and emigrated to New York with his mother the next year—is a force to be reckoned with. He has next to no public face, for he prefers the quiet of a huge loft-studio on lower Broadway—out of which comes an undistracted flow of work. But his reputation is that of an artist who, more clearly than anyone else of his generation except the late Morris Louis, isolated and developed pure color as the hub, the very subject, of painting.

Olitski was not always a colorist. The earliest works in the show—a group of thick-surfaced, brown-and-white pictures from the late '50s—are weak monochrome transcriptions from the piled-up, earthy pigments of French painters like Dubuffet and Fautrier, whose work he had seen during a sojourn in Paris from 1949 to 1951. But in 1960 Olitski started pouring dye onto large canvases, and the vibrant stains of color that resulted caused a shift in the direction of his style. In retrospect, these Olitskis of the early '60s—like *Osculum Silence*, which won a prize in the



WITH PAINTING CALLED "PARADISE"



Hard-edged blue dominates Jules Olitski's "Chemise," 1963.

Hazy space of "Doulma," 1966, is fringed with yellow and red strokes.



To his friends, he's mild mannered Joe Ippoliti. To Scott Paper Company, he's Sherlock Holmes, the Secret Service and Harry Houdini rolled into one.

At home, Joe Ippoliti is just an ordinary Joe.

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You see, Joe's desk is really the nerve-center of an ultra-sophisticated ADT security system. Through it, he keeps an eye on all 700,000 square feet of Scott's

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Our business is peace of mind. It's our only business, so when you get in touch you'll get our full attention.

ADT®

The Security Company

Carnegie Institute's painting competition in Pittsburgh, or *Chemise*—are among the sharpest and most resonant works of his career. With its broad oval swaths of blue, pink and green acrylic, *Chemise* both hammers the eye with its chromatic intensity and soothes it with the slow coiling of its forms.

But gradually the color took absolute precedence. Olitski recalls a conversation in 1965: "I said I would like my painting to have the appearance of being just color. Then I remarked that if only I could spray some color into the air and somehow it would remain suspended, that's what I would want. Just color by itself. I thought it was amusing, and so did everyone else. But that evening, going to sleep, it occurred to me that it was a serious notion."

Airy and Melting. Hence Olitski's switch to "allover" fields of color that filled his canvases from edge to edge, as in paintings like *Doula* (1966). Rolled and sprayed, the beads of paint coalesce in shimmering veils and crusts of color; their cellular clustering compares to the more formal dots of Seurat's *pointillisme* rather as Pollock's drips and squiggles did to conventional line drawing. Olitski's colors range from the airiest and most melting lavenders, pinks, apricots and pistachio-greens to nocturnal Prussian blues and ultramarines. In fact, the temptation to describe them in terms of candy or decorators' samples is hard to resist. It is prettified to a degree.

Since he began spraying in the mid-'60s, Olitski's images have risen from one—and only one—kind of space: a gauzy recession of thin air, as if seen from the window of a high-flying plane. There is no body, no horizon, no limit except the boundaries of the canvas itself—up to 21 feet wide—and the sole subject is hue. Critics often credit Olitski's pictures with the meditative expansion, the hypnotic and floating silence of Monet's last and greatest cycle of canvases; the enormous lily-pond "decorations" from Giverny. But this is Monet without the water or the lily pads—without, in other words, the sense of a reality constantly in transubstantiation. In Olitski's lack of relationship and incident becomes troublesome, no matter how exquisitely tinted the mist.

Olitski's habit of giving his tremulous spaces a fringe of contrasting color is a way out; it affords some play within the picture—fog versus frame. The decorative effect is often breathtaking, but it nevertheless tends to remain a mechanical expedient, like the composition-bolstering trees that sprouted by rote at the edges of early 19th century academic landscapes. All other forms are volatilized, and by the very fact of this reduction Olitski leaves his color, in effect, without a structure. So despite their imposing size and careful craftsmanship, the recent pictures become curiously monotonous—all nuance and no potatoes.

■ Robert Hughes

Jazz, by George

"Jazz is a minority music and always will be. It just is not popular music." With that said, Promoter George Wein went out last week and did his best to prove himself wrong—by putting on the largest jazz festival ever staged anywhere.

Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall was crammed as Pianist Earl ("Fatha") Hines, Singer Mabel Mercer, Saxophonist Gerry Mulligan and other interpreters jazzed the songs of composers like George Gershwin and Cole Porter. Aboard the good ship *Kennedy*, freed for the day from its normal duties as a Staten Island ferry for a toot up the Hudson River, traditional jazz buffs pressed shoulder to shoulder to hear Percy Humphrey's Preservation Hall Band. At the Roseland Ballroom, young and old couples danced into the wee hours as the bands of Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Woody Herman recreated their hits of the 1930s (*Sophisticated Lady*, *One O'Clock Jump*, *Woodchopper's Ball*, to name three).

It was the 20th Newport Jazz Festival, transplanted to New York for the second year. The festival went on for ten days, with 1,000 middle-of-the-road, derrière- and avant-garde musicians presenting 57 concerts (many simultaneously) in 13 locations—from Carnegie Hall to the Apollo Theater in Harlem to Shea Stadium in Flushing. It cost \$1,000,000, drew a total audience of some 120,000 and just broke about even with foundation and industry subsidies.

Circus Barker. Wein (pronounced Ween) presided over it all with the bold acumen of a Hurok and the bustle manner of a circus barker. At his headquarters on Manhattan's West Side, he could be found conducting two interviews at once (one by phone) and fighting off others ("I have more important things than seeing the French TV, all right?"). He alternately praised his black wife Joyce ("After I break a few heads, she puts them together") and exploded at her ("Don't bother me with things you can take care of!"). Regularly Wein would fly out to mount as many rostrums as he could get to—a moon-shaped man with a shiny bald pate, introducing acts in a light but piercing nasal voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, I think you're going to hear something you've never heard before." One thing most of them had never heard before was Wein himself playing a pleasant, Teddy Wilson-like jazz piano, which he did with the Newport Ensemble on the rainy opening day in Central Park.

Wein's lifelong passion for jazz began because of, rather than in spite of, his parents, a Boston plastic surgeon and his wife who collected records by Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and other jazz pioneers. When George branched

out from his classical piano studies to what he calls "party piano," his parents encouraged him. At 15 he was playing jazz in clubs like the Tic Toc in Boston and the Blue Moon in Lynn, and his parents were driving him to and from the gigs. After working as a \$60-a-week sideman with Clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, Wein opened his own club in Boston's Copley Square Hotel in 1950. It was called Storyville, after the old New Orleans jazz district, and it ran successfully for ten years. In 1954 Wein organized the first of 18 annual summer jazz festivals in Newport, R.I.

Today, at 47, Wein heads a \$3.5 million-a-year company, Festival Productions Inc. In addition to Newport in New York, it stages eleven U.S. jazz fes-

DAVID GALE



PROMOTER WEIN AT KEYBOARD
Toward total saturation.

tivals in the spring and summer (New Orleans, Los Angeles, Cincinnati), and this fall will send top U.S. jazzmen to Europe and Japan. Wein and his wife, who is his associate producer, draw a combined annual salary of \$40,000 plus expenses. Like many men with a mission in life and a balance sheet in hand, Wein can be sympathetic and jocular with people in the jazz world, as well as brash and infuriating. "A lot of people resent him," says his friend Jazz Critic Leonard Feather, "but I don't know any who hate him. Most simply envy him."

Although this year's New York show was half again as large as last year's, Wein's ideal would be something approaching the total saturation of the Edinburgh Festival, where every pub and hall in town is filled with performers. "Pick, go, do what you want," he says. "That's what a festival is."

Beating the New River

On narrow creeks and wide rivers, Americans in unprecedented numbers are bobbing about in rubber rafts this summer. Many novices prudently do their paddling on calm waterways. The more daring seek the kind of white-water thrills and risks depicted in the movie *Deliverance* (though the protagonists used canoes). For these one must go to killers like the Colorado or the New River in West Virginia, which the Indians called the River of Death. Its violent rapids still claim inexperienced challengers almost every year (15 drowned in 1971, three last year). A number of guide services have sprung up along the New that provide rafts, equipment and expertise, though paying passengers still take risks and do their own paddling. *TIME* Correspondent David Wood recently navigated the New on a two-day trip. His report:

For \$80 you get a yellow life jacket, the use of tents and other gear, and a seat in a 23-ft. raft. You also get a college-age guide who is a white-water veteran. That is reassuring, because the passengers lining up to fill five rafts are amateurs for the most part. They include a group of young nurses from Michigan, two retired couples, some long-haired young New Yorkers, a plump middle-aged woman from Virginia. All they have in common is a determination to travel the 30 miles between Prince and Fayette Station in the most dangerous possible manner.

White-water rapids are rated on a scale of one (grandmother could survive in her inner tube) to five (check your life-insurance policy). The New has a number of classic fives disguised by innocuous names: Keeney Brothers,

Double Z, Upper Railroad. Only one name hints at reality: Greyhound Bus Stopper. The guide explains what to do before you hit a particular trouble spot: "You have to approach on the left side of the river. Then shoot diagonally across to just behind the big rock and slip past it on the right side. If we don't paddle hard on the right side, we'll probably flip over. Got it?"

It sounds reasonable, but when the moment arrives, all memory of the plan vanishes. As the raft speeds toward the tumbling water, you are too busy bracing your feet and straining to hear what the guide is screaming now. *Pull right! Pull right! Hardhardhard!* There is a temptation to hit the floor, which seems the only safe spot in the swirling madness. But the looming danger—at this moment an "undercut rock"—has its own fascination. Tons of water pour through a narrow funnel, eager to capsize us. *Pull left! Digdigdig!* Ten frantic paddles try to obey, and we pass the rock at a safe four feet. There is time to use the bailing buckets.

Around the next bend huge boulders constrict the New's width from 200 yds. to the size of a suburban driveway. The river accelerates to a frightening pace. The water plunges between razor-sharp rocks, whipped to a froth by backwashes, submerged logs and even a sunken locomotive that derailed into the river years ago. The trick is to veer away from souse holes—a vacuum on the downstream side of a boulder—because the swirl can pull the stern down and pop the bow up, propelling passengers into the drink.

That knowledge stays with you as a 7-ft. wave of green and white curls over the raft. Your world turns half water, half thunder. Afterward, you imagine that riding a roller coaster in a wash-

ing machine would duplicate the sound and the sensation. "No other way to go down a river!" a middle-aged woman shouts seconds before she is almost washed out of the raft.

Suddenly the water is calm. It is time to assess the damage: a gash in the hand, cause unknown; sunglasses washed away; a shirt or two lost. Here the river is guilefully serene. Beavers swim in the pools, a copperhead suns itself on a rock, turkey buzzards fly overhead. The guide will sometimes beach the raft and scramble up the bank to scout the next rapids; conditions can change overnight as the river level rises or falls. Soon the first leg of the trip is over. It has been six hours to the midway point at Thurmond. After a night in tents, we face another day of rapids. You can abandon the excursion here, but no one does. Beating the New River has been too exciting to quit without affording the water a return match.

Summer Shortcut

Like Paris hemlines and Italian governments, women's hair styles tend to rise and fall with cyclical regularity. Bearing names reminiscent of characters in a Disney movie (the Pixie, Poodle, Ape and Artichoke), those styles have often been far more decorative than practical. This summer, however, the favored wave in hair styling reflects convenience rather than elegance. It is the summer of the scissor in hair salons across the U.S., as starlets, social-register types, housewives and coeds are emerging with their hair cut shorter—and simpler—than many a man's.

"Women are tired of the motorcycle-helmet look," says Atlanta Hairdresser Don Shaw, who arranges more than 1,600 heads a month. "Hair that

ADVENTUROUS VOYAGERS BATTLE THE CHURNING WHITE WATER ON WEST VIRGINIA'S NEW RIVER



WILLIAM TURNER



FOUR CURRENT STYLES: MANHATTANITE NAN KEMPNER IN A MANAGEABLE SHORT LENGTH, MODEL BILLIE BLAIR IN A CLOSE CUT, ACTRESS SARAH VENABLE WITH A SHORT PIXIE, DESIGNER PAULINE TRIGÈRE IN A MEDIUM SWEEP-BACK

looks natural looks feminine." The essence of that natural look is brevity—wash-'n'-wear hair occasionally trimmed as short as an eighth of an inch. The result: hair as suitable for tennis in the morning as for dinner out at night. For its wearer, rollers and pin curls are part of the past.

Just as style is changing, so too is the hair treatment in many salons. Lacquer spray and other synthetic chemicals are giving way to "natural" preparations. Shaw, for instance, favors avocado oil and mayonnaise, which he claims make hair shiny and restore the natural oils lost through bleaching.

Fancier shops now boast resident "hairlogists" whose only mission is to prescribe the proper natural treatment

and conditioning for feeble follicles. To test the latest in hair care, TIME Reporter-Researcher Audrey Ball visited Sassoon's, a leading Manhattan salon. There under the direction of Hairologist George Resh, a single strand was plucked from her head and examined in a Japé microgram calculator. The machine pronounced her hair dry and brittle, with its tensile strength hovering between an "excessively deficient" and "deficient" protein structure.

"For treatment," Ball reports, "I was acidified with a protein shampoo, conditioned with a ten-minute bake job under the dryer (after which my head felt as though it had been thrust in a mud puddle and left to rot on a lonely stretch of dusty road), shampooed

again, and then finished off with a creme rinse. After 40 minutes of treatment, I at last got to go to the styling room where, with a quick snip of the scissors, five inches of my newly conditioned hair was sent to the floor."

Customers, of course, are leaving more behind in salons than their hair. Ball's tab came to \$47, including tips. Though easier to maintain, the natural look is no less costly to acquire, and satisfied patrons usually return in five to six weeks for more conditioning and another cut. For dissatisfied patrons, life can be more difficult. Unlike hemlines, haircuts cannot be committed to the closet. In most cases, this summer's new look will continue into fall, and winter as well.

MILESTONES

Died. David Earl ("Swede") Savage, 26, the second driver to die from injuries received in this year's Indianapolis 500 auto race and the 61st fatality in Indy's 58-year history; in Indianapolis. Savage had driven 59 laps when his red STP Eagle-Offenhauser, going 170 m.p.h., spun out of control and smacked head-on into a retaining wall.

Died. Veronica Lake (born Constance Ockelman), 53, the sultry siren with the peekaboo hairstyle, star of such movie hits of the '40s as *So Proudly We Hail* and *This Gun for Hire*; of acute hepatitis; in Burlington, Vt.

Died. Betty Grable, 56, curvaceous, ice-blond World War II pinup queen; of lung cancer; in Santa Monica, Calif. Ruth Elizabeth Grable was 13 when she danced across the screen for the first time in the chorus line of *Happy Days* (1929). By World War II, her million-dollar legs had carried her to stardom, and there was one cheesecake photo of Grable for every twelve men in uniform. Her movies for 20th Century-Fox—fluffy flicks like *Tin Pan Alley*, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, *Marry a Millionaire* and *My Blue Heaven*—grossed more than \$100 million and, from 1946 to 1948, about \$250,000 a year for herself, making her the highest-paid woman in the U.S. She was married for two years to Jackie Coogan, the former child star, and for 22 years to Bandleader-Trumpeter Harry James, with whom she raised horses and ran two ranches. After their

divorce in 1965 she tried, with only moderate success, to make a comeback in show biz as a still trim and pretty grandmother.

Died. Nancy Mitford, 68, novelist, biographer, and witty observer of British mores; in Versailles, France. Born in London, the eldest of Lord Redesdale's seven children, Mitford and her five sisters—Jessica also became a writer (*The American Way of Death*)—received an insular, almost gothic upbringing, with no formal education. Nancy wrote her first novel, *Highland Fling*, when she was 17. She wrote more than half a dozen novels (*Pursuit of Love*, *The Blessing*) and several biographies (*Madame de Pompadour*, *The Sun King*), but was best known for her scalding portrait of British society and its linguistic divisions. "U" (upper class) and "non-U." "Dentures," she wrote in a 1955 essay, are "non-U for false teeth... Britain: non-U for England."

Died. Elmer Layden, 70, one of the famed "Four Horsemen" who played for Knute Rockne at Notre Dame in the 1920s; in Chicago. A 160-lb. full-back, Layden was known as "the Thin Man"—but his blinding speed and low-to-the-ground running style made up for his size, and he could punt the fat ball of his day more than 60 yards. In the greatest game of his career—the 1925 Rose Bowl against Stanford—he scored three touchdowns, two of them on intercepted passes. Layden returned to

South Bend in 1934 for seven seasons as head football coach and athletic director. He was elected the first commissioner of the National Football League in 1941, and after serving for five years became a business executive in Chicago. Only two members of history's most famous backfield are still alive—Halfbacks Jim Crowley and Don Miller. Harry Stuhldreher, the quarterback, died in 1965.

Died. Joe E. (for Evan) Brown, 80, the comedian with the infinite grin; after a long illness; in Los Angeles. When he was ten Brown broke into show business as a circus acrobat in Ohio. He later played in vaudeville, burlesque and on Broadway, and then starred in such Hollywood hits as *The Tenderfoot* (1932) and *Elmer the Great* (1933). During World War II (in which a son, Captain Don E. Brown, was killed in an Army plane crash), Joe won the Bronze Star for traveling more than 200,000 miles—at his own expense—to entertain American G.I.s.

Died. Otto Klemperer, 88, German conductor and composer; in Zurich. Klemperer began conducting at the age of 20 and was appointed director of the Kroll Opera when he was 42. Plagued through much of his life by paralysis resulting from brain surgery, Klemperer was renowned (and often reviled) for his solemn, intellectual approach to the works of such romantic composers as Beethoven and Bruckner.

COVER STORY

Two Myths Converge: NM Discovers MM

"Everybody is always tugging at you. They'd all like sort of a chunk of you. They kind of like to take pieces out of you."

—Marilyn Monroe

"I fantasized it would be a simple matter for me—I was the one to take Marilyn away from Arthur Miller. Now I'm older and wiser and I know better. I'd have been no improvement on Miller."

—Norman Mailer

He was three years old when she was born in 1926. At the age of 25, with Harvard, the war and a brilliant first novel behind him, he was an international celebrity. By then, with a history of foster homes, a wrecked marriage, a knockabout modeling career behind her, she was that classic Hollywood joke, a starlet—a person defined by Ben Hecht as any woman under 30 not actively employed in a brothel. But five years later, he was the one who was floundering, attacked as a writer whose promise had been tinsel and thunder; it was she who had become a global superstar. He was the one who fantasized about her. She did not know he existed.

It has taken Norman Mailer nearly five decades to achieve a truly Monrovia status. But he is still fantasizing. "I come from Brooklyn," says Mailer, "and she had the basic stuff out of which Brooklyn dream girls are made."

Besides, "I felt some sort of existential similarities with Marilyn Monroe." Both, in fact, were seen as romantic symbols, larger than life-style. Both were reconciliations of opposites: Mailer described himself as a radical conservative, a combination of street toughness and book learning. Monroe was the essence of soft, vacuous femininity—but she could be as bright and unyielding as a diamond, and she had deep yearnings for intellectuality. Both were disproportionately rewarded and resented. What could be more fortuitous than the meeting of these two uniquely American superstars? The

project belongs in lights: *Gentleman Prefers Blonde: NM Meets MM*. Out of such amalgams come great legends, heavy bestsellers—but alas, not great biographies.

Not that it matters. Mailer's new *Marilyn* is a book of gargantuan proportions. It is giant in format (9 in. by 11 in.), formidable in price and weight (\$19.95, 3 lbs. 3 oz.), and incalculable

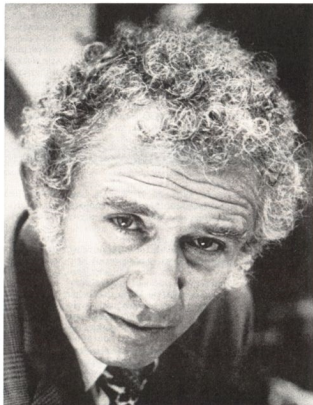
After such a prepublication success story, the book's merits and flaws almost seem beside the point. There are brilliant passages, of course. Every book by Mailer is, in a sense, a trip with Virgil through the underground. Norman is a first-class infirmitist; in *Marilyn* he explores the violent desperation of small-town American life and finds it far more like *Winesburg, Ohio* than *Our Town*. He analyzes the malignant asylum of Hollywood—as he did in *The Deer Park*, one of the best novels ever written about that town. In the rectilinear powerhouse of New York City, he finds himself truly at home. Yet overall, *Marilyn* runs a subnormal temperature.

In *Marilyn*'s first chapter, the writer coins a word, factoids—facts that have no existence before publication. Let his own factoid-filled volume be known as a "biographoid"—an occasionally brilliant book marred by speculation, literary swagger and chrome-yellow journalism. Mailer never met Monroe, and despite his professed affinities, he can do little more than guesswork. For every intuitive leap he suffers ten existential pratfalls.

Mailer speaks of his subject's "karmic" qualities but only offers the inadmissible evidence of hearsay and conjecture. He can sometimes sum up an epoch in a phrase—as in his description of Monroe's cinema personality during the years of the Di-

Maggio marriage. On screen, "something as hard and blank as a New York Yankee out for a share of the spoils is now in her expression." Yet he can be as gaseous as a press agent. "Small wonder the back seat of her car looks like a crash pad," he writes. "She is an animal who needs the funky familiar of her lair." Evidently, Mailer has not been in the back seat of any family station wagons lately.

In his portrait of this ineluctable "castrator-queen," Mailer defines the essence of the star: "She was never for TV... she was one of the last of cinema's aristocrats and may not have



THE GRAND MIDDLE-AGED MAN OF AMERICAN LETTERS AT 50
Tinsel, thunder and a global superstar.

in impact. It will soon be excerpted for publication in a dozen countries—including Finland, France and Japan. More than a million lbs. of paper will be used for its first American printing (in Monroe County, N.Y.) of 285,000 copies. The Book-of-the-Month Club has made *Marilyn* its main selection for August—the most expensive book ever so offered to the membership. A TV special and screen bio are being planned. Doubtless there will also be Marilyn Monroe posters, buttons, dresses and hair styles. An industry is under way, triggered by this irresistible shotgun wedding of talents.



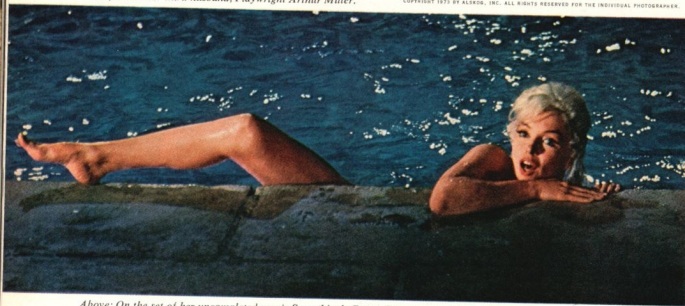
The star still glows: Monroe's unique blend of sexual power and vulnerability shines through in this festival of photographs from Norman Mailer's new biography, Marilyn. Clockwise, from top left: On the beach at Malibu; the notorious calendar pose; jumping; letting her hair down; relaxing at the studio.

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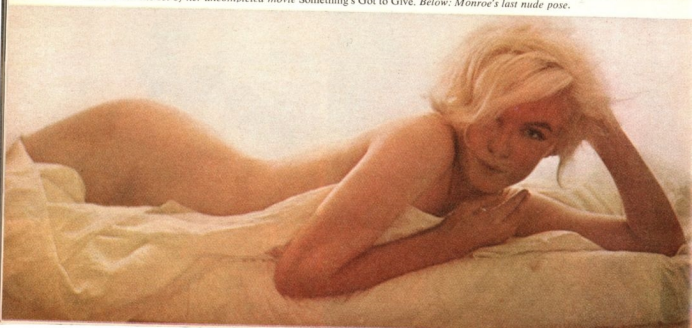


Marilyn with her third husband, Playwright Arthur Miller.

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*Above: On the set of her uncompleted movie *Something's Got to Give*. Below: Monroe's last nude pose.*



wanted to be examined, then ingested, in the neighborly reductive dimensions of America's living room. No, she belonged to the occult church of the film, and the last covens of Hollywood." But just as often, he can suggest Louella Parsons at her coyest: "Soon Sinatra will give her a white poodle which she calls 'Maf,' for she is forever teasing Sinatra about his connections."

Beyond Sex. Even Mailer's humor seems as heavy as the book itself: "The letters in Marilyn Monroe (if the 'a' were used twice and the 'o' but once) would spell his own name, leaving only the 'y' for excess." Indeed so, and the letters in Norman Mailer are an anagram of "Nil, O rare man" with an M left over for Marilyn, Mailer or just plain moonshine.

Or money. The outsized potential of the book is no mystery. *Marilyn's* subject is, after all, the greatest float in the pageant of cinema's doomed blondes—women like Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Jayne Mansfield, Carole Landis—all of whom died young and under tragic circumstances. But unlike the others, the voluptuously tragic figure of Monroe continues to exert an attraction beyond nostalgia and, very possibly, beyond sex itself. Last October, for example, thousands of viewers queued up for hours in Tokyo to glimpse a gallery of Monroe poses. In Los Angeles, blow-ups of those photographs sold for \$250 apiece. Was it merely libidinous curiosity? But there are more graphic shots in any porn shop in town. Could it have been a collective sigh for the irretrievable past? But no other '50s personality could have attracted such crowds or commanded such prices. A \$19.95 biography of Kim Novak? Elizabeth Taylor? Jane Russell? Unthinkable.

As for her biographer, he too is beyond the calipers of ordinary critical measurements. The raunchy pug, the political candidate, the ultrajournalist has become, at 50, the grand middle-aged man of American letters. No longer the deafening celebrant of the Or-gasm, the notorious wife stabber whose looming presence could constitute a threat, Mailer has grown almost mellow. A detached retina has taken him physically, if not metaphorically, out of the boxing ring. Past the middle of the journey, he is learning how to sail. His aesthetics tend to look to the 19th century's achievements of mythos and style. His ethics, full of references to "celestial or satanic endeavors," are astonishingly close to the medieval conception of original sin ("If society was so murderous, then who could ignore the most hideous of questions about his own nature?"). In his politics, Mailer, as always, remains a true original. The Procrustean brackets of liberalism, for example, have never been able to embrace him. Indeed, his tocsins often seem to have been recorded from the pulpit of some brimstone preacher: "This evil twentieth century with its

curse on the species, its oppressive Faustian lusts, its technological excrement all over the conduits of nature, its entrapment of the innocence of the best."

He is secure in the knowledge that such books as *Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* have altered the course and style of reportage, perhaps forever. Novels like *An American Dream* and *Why Are We in Viet Nam?* have been rediscovered. The once indifferent public now treats him as a figure of Hemingway proportions. The Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award have been bestowed, as has election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It is no wonder that Mailer was chosen to be the chronicler of the life and times of Marilyn. The wonder is that he was not the first choice.

For Marilyn was not Norman's conception. The project was assembled by the Barnum of still photography, Larry Schiller. From his earliest years, Schiller, 36, has been cursed with a sightless eye. But he was concomitantly blessed with the hustler's twin gifts: overweening ambition and an ability to be at the right place with the right lens. On assignment for *Paris Match* in 1962, he snapped the consecrated shots of Marilyn romping nude at poolside. "Do you think I should really send those pictures out?" she asked Schiller later. It was the rabbit asking the fox if she should venture into the meadow. "You're already famous, Marilyn," he countered. "Now you can make me famous."

From then on, Schiller never looked back. As Jack Ruby lay on his deathbed, Schiller smuggled a recorder into the hospital room to tape the dying man's confession—that he acted alone and on impulse. Soon afterward Schiller got out a record: *Why Did Lenny Bruce Die?*, a post-mortem by Bruce; then, after the Manson murders, he homed in on Susan Atkins for yet another exclusive interview with a killer. The book became a Signet paperback quickie, *The Killing of Sharon Tate*.

Venus's-Flytrap. Last year Schiller came full circle—to the woman who had brought him his initial fame. With the success of his Monroe exhibitions, Schiller decided that Marilyn was too big for galleries. She needed to be preserved between cloth covers. But the book business had been experiencing a soft market in coffee-table items. Publishers Grosset & Dunlap decided that if a picture was worth a thousand words, surely 111 pictures needed, say, 25,000. But who would write the text?

French Novelist Romain Gary seemed a likely choice. So did Gloria Steinem. Very likely, Gary would have provided a polished but unsurprising sketch. As for Steinem, there is no mystery to her bias. Marilyn, in one of her last interviews, complained: "That's the trouble, a sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate to be a thing." It takes little imagination to see the Venus's-flytrap that Steinem could have grown

MARILYN & JOE DIMAGGIO IN 1961
The Yankee Clipper was impossible.

SHOW BUSINESS

from that seedling. But, neither writer has quite the emotional magic of Norman Mailer. As another chance to roll the karmic dice?

Why was Mailer attracted to the book? Was it as a method of re-creating the object of the American dream? As a mode of escape for the prisoner of sex?

"As a way of making money," recalls Mailer, who tends to lag behind IRS demands. "I had some debts. Let me tell the truth. I was seriously behind. I called Scott Meredith, my agent, and said, 'Before I start work on my novel

again, I think I need to take a short job that might pay well.'"

The novel is a formidable task—a 300,000-word chronicle that Meredith describes as the saga of a Jewish family from ancient Egypt to the present day. Given the temporal strictures of that project, it is not surprising that Mailer welcomed the chance to write some more recent history. The workman's compensation was also intriguing: a \$50,000 advance against royalties. But for the first time, Mailer was not in full control of his property. The book's 24 photographers receive two-thirds of the author's royalty gross—and Schiller's Company gets 49% of their take. The other third is Mailer's alone.

In his Brooklyn Heights flat, the author settled back last week for a leisurely interview with TIME's Marsh Clark. Mailer appeared a bit peaked after a 20-day fast (no solids, water but no booze) that brought him down from 188 to 165 lbs. "I've really gotten to the point where I'm like an old prizefighter, and if my manager comes up to me and says, 'I've got you a tough fight with a good purse,' I go into the ring. Nothing makes an old fighter any madder than to do a charity benefit."

Five wives, two dwellings—he also owns a house near Stockbridge, Mass.

—and seven children* populate the Mailer background. With enormous expenditures—the writer and his dependents need \$200,000 before taxes per year—charity begins at Brooklyn Heights. Yet even with a sizable advance, Mailer could not fulfill the original terms of the contract. "I come from a long line of proud, competitive and vain American writers," says Mailer proudly, competitively and vainly. "We have looked upon ourselves as athletes rather than scholars—Ernest Hemingway and Crane and Melville and London. So part of the reason for this book is that I wanted to say to everyone that I know how to write about a woman. When I read the other biographies of Marilyn, I said to myself, 'I've found her; I know who I want to write about.'"

Blatant Chutzpah. Among the 93,000 words in the book are many by other Monroe biographers. Last week Freelance Writer Maurice Zolotow, author of *Marilyn Monroe* (1960), perused Mailer's *Marilyn* and pronounced the biography "one of the literary heists of the century... at least a quarter of his book is made up of either direct big hunks of my book... or other big chunks taken without attribution."

In England, Publisher Mark Goulden of W.H. Allen & Co. thought he spotted further borrowing in *Marilyn*. One of his authors, Fred Guiles, had written a book titled *Norma Jean* back in 1969—a book Goulden saw reflected in nearly every one of Norman's pages. "In my 35 years in publishing," he fulminated, "I have never seen anything as blatant as this. In America you would call this *chutzpah*." Translation: Mailer quotes *Norma Jean* 255 times, with and without acknowledgment.

At the sound of the bell, Mailer always comes out swinging—often at the referee. "No one is going to call me a plagiarist and get away with it," he claims. "If I'm going to steal from other authors, let me use Shakespeare or Melville. I don't have to steal from Fred Guiles."

Or from Zolotow, for that matter. The literary phosphorescence, the wild hypotheses, are Mailer's alone. The influence of the other biographers is largely in the procession of biographical detail—though that represents a considerable and perhaps even ethically questionable influence.

Marilyn (née Norma Jean) was, as the world is about to be reminded, a battered child whose mother and grandmother both went insane. As a child she was sent to an orphanage where, Mailer guesses, she began a rich fantasy life. "We are all steeped in the notion that lonely withdrawn people have a life of large inner fantasy," he writes. "What

*The children range in age from Susan, 23, to Maggie, 2, daughter by Mailer's present wife Carol Stevens, a jazz singer.

NORMA JEAN, AGED TWO



ON EARLY MODELING ASSIGNMENT AT 19



WITH MOTHER AT SEVEN


**A rum and tonic
can be a nice simple
drink. Or something
a little bigger.
Depends on your rum.**



General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

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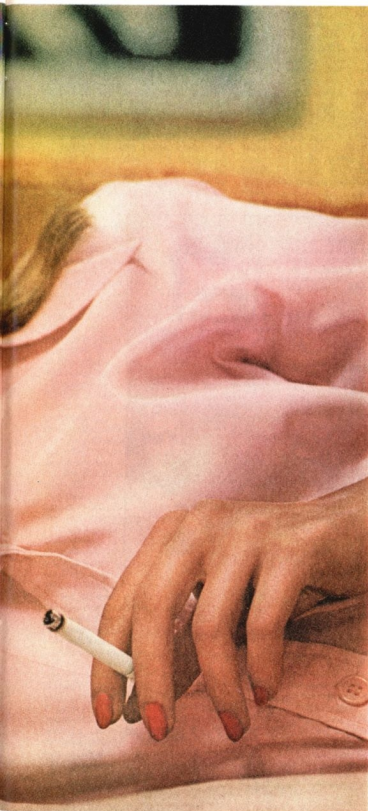
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"My boyfriend told me
he loved me for my mind.
"I was never so insulted
in my life."

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Menthol: 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine,
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Mrs. C. C. Taylor
Richmond, Virginia



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Some companies talk claims, performance, and put jazzy names on their tires. We prefer to have our customers do the talking. And the names we're interested in are their names. Read what they say — then the decision is up to you. That 4-out-of-5 loyalty figure, by the way, comes from a nationwide survey conducted independently for Dunlop. And it's a higher figure than other brands enjoy. But check one of your neighbors who rides on Dunlop. See if he wouldn't stick with the brand. For a lot of good reasons. Dunlop, Buffalo, N.Y. and Whitby, Ont.



DUNLOP
Quality costs no more.

may be ignored is the tendency to become locked into a lifelong rapture with one's fantasy, to become a narcissist." It is a shrewd, knowing speculation, ruined a moment later by Mailer's Hollywood hindsight: across from the orphanage "a movie company's sound stages are visible from the window by her bed. At night, a repeating flash of forked neon lightning shows 'RKO' through the window. Sixteen years later, she will make *Clash by Night* for RKO release."

Through the tutelage of a foster parent, Norma Jean became a Christian Scientist—"the poorest," says Mailer, "in the history of the religion, for there was no pain she cared to bear if a drug could be found." It is the remark of an unworldly biographer jesting at scars.

By the time she was an adolescent, Norma Jean could not walk into a room without causing steam to form on the windows. Boys came around in packs; cars honked whenever she went for a walk. At 16 she was married to Jim Dougherty, a 21-year-old metalworker. The marriage lasted four years. Norma Jean soon began modeling, without much distinction, until a casting director named Ben Lyon got her a screen test at 20th Century-Fox. She emerged as Marilyn Monroe and started on her parabola of grandeur and agony.

Much of Mailer's chronicle is strictly pyrites—fool's gold in the Hollywood hills. He tells every hoary anal and oral joke about starlets that has circulated since *The Birth of a Nation*, and attaches them all to Marilyn Monroe. He makes her the part-time mistress of 20th Century-Fox Studio Founder Joe Schenck, but because the union is unprovable Mailer trails a disclaimer: "If there was sex, it was not necessarily the first of the qualities he found in her. We are not going to know. There is, on the other hand, no reason why they would not find each other interesting."

She did have numerous and provable affairs, but it was her marriages that made sensations. Tromping in the sexual battlefield, Mailer creates his most peculiar analogy: In her "capture of the attention of the world [she is]... Napoleonic." It is a conceit he follows through the entire book until at last Marilyn expires—the coincidence is almost too much for Mailer to bear—at Helena Drive in Brentwood.

No Nudes. Napoleon is followed through her complex marriage with Joe DiMaggio, though Mailer never directly attempted to talk to the Yankee Clipper—"I heard that he was impossible." So, apparently, were most of the people in the star's constellation: Mailer admits to only twelve interview sessions. One, however, is original—an encounter with Marilyn's photographer-lover André de Dienes, with whom she once traipsed across the West. Confessed De Dienes: when he wanted to photograph her in the nude, Marilyn screamed, "I won't! I won't! Don't you understand? I'm going to be a great movie star some day."

The year before her death De Dienes made a sentimental journey to her home. "She was recovering from an operation for 'internal troubles, female troubles,' and the studio, she confessed, was trying to tell her she was insane."

With considerable acuity, the author analyzes Marilyn's years with her third husband, Arthur Miller. It is in this Actors Studio period that Mailer, like Monroe, enjoys his greatest successes. From the start he perceives Marilyn's enchantment with acting jargon: "Concentration," "sense memory" and "penetrating the subject" had to impress a simple American mind with a prairie love of technology... As for the playwriting: "[Miller] spoke in leftist similes that might conceivably be profound, was reminiscent of such tall spare American models of virtue and valor as Lincoln and Gary Cooper, and so could certainly serve as a major figure for the Jewish middle class of New York (who were the economic bedrock of Broadway)... Miller knew how to compose drama out of middle-class values. No one else in that period did."

Cheap Shots. Marilyn, who had been locked out of that class by poverty, then fame, entered it with her third marriage. She began to cut loose from her old associates—her longtime acting coach, her early photographer friends, her former in-laws. If she was nearing her professional apogee, she was approaching her personal nadir.

Her life fluttered upward in a brief, delirious swirl, marked by such films as *The Prince and the Showgirl*, co-starring Sir Laurence Olivier. Yet success was not unabated. There were always cheap shots from the press, and even from actors—although none to compare with Mailer's "All right, Marilyn, be sexy [Olivier told her]! One might as well ask a nun to have carnal relations for Christ."

Marilyn's ingestion of barbiturates seemed to rise in direct proportion to her recognition. Through *The Seven Year Itch*, *Bus Stop*, *Some Like It Hot*, she earned praise as an actress and comedienne of considerable skill. But she was also experiencing miscarriage after miscarriage. The goddess of sex was unable to bear a child—possibly, posits Mailer, because of her history of abortions. The Miller marriage dissolved long before its official conclusion in 1961. There was an affair with Yves Montand (who bore an ominous resemblance to DiMaggio) and a paralysis of will. During the filming of *The Misfits* she was chronically late, driving the cast up the wall and her co-star, Clark Gable, to an early grave. Or so implies Mailer, who views the Gable-Monroe relationship in Freudian simples: Gable is her surrogate father. When he dies, she seeks to punish herself.

From the Monroe-Miller crackup downward, the biographer has few facts to exploit. He speculates about Marilyn's bedtime stories: "Was Sinatra good?" asks an unnamed "intimate."

Replies the star: "He was no DiMaggio." With the death of Gable she began to sink into an irreversible depression. She was briefly institutionalized at Payne Whitney clinic ("The gate to the orphanage closes again") and later underwent an operation: "She seems to respond well to the [gall bladder] surgery—perhaps a knife in her belly pays part of the debt to Gable." She began to zig-zag toward suicide.

Here Mailer begins his most irresponsible guesswork. From the beginning, Marilyn has served as one more arena in which he can parade his favorite devils: the *Zeitgeist*, the corrupt American instinct, the Republican Party, and of course its standard bearer. ("It is possible that Richard Nixon has spoken in nothing but factoids during his public life.") But Mailer allows no



WITH "MISFITS" CO-STAR GABLE
To an early grave.

political favoritism. Of Marilyn's early success, he writes: "Down in Washington, ambitious young men like Jack Kennedy are gnashing their teeth. 'Why is it,' they will never be heard to cry aloud, 'that hard-working young Senators get less national attention than movie starlets?'"

Once a Senator has been quoted for something he never said, the gloves are off, and below the belt is the order of the day. Seizing the prevalent rumors of the period, Mailer amplifies the supposed infatuation with America's First Family, then attempts to find traces of the famous Irish smile and style in every post-Kennedy photograph of Marilyn. Yet the author suddenly grows chaste when it comes to Bobby's gossip-mongered affair with her: "His hard Irish nose for

SHOW BUSINESS

the real was going to keep him as celibate as the happiest priest of the county holding hands with five pretty widows."

With Marilyn's death Mailer most dutifully obeys Oscar Wilde's dictum not to fall into "careless habits of accuracy." Did Marilyn take her own life? Possibly, says the biographer. But there is a pornography of other possibilities. Suppose, he offers, the FBI or the CIA or the Mafia found it of interest "that the brother of the President was reputed to be having an affair with a movie star who had once been married to a playwright denied a passport for 'supporting Communist movements'... By the end political stakes were riding on her life, and even more on her death."

A sometime conspiracy theorist, Mailer offers a sheaf of contradictory

ilyn. "I'm probably one of the better fast writers in the world now," he confesses, "but you never feel good writing a book that fast. I was driving under such march orders that I forgot to dedicate the book."

The next edition might make room for a small inscription to the star herself. For *Marilyn* is, in spite of its ambiguities and flaws, a tribute to her. Mailer's valedictory, however sentimental, is written with genuine affection: "And if there's a wish, pay your visit to Mr. Dickens. For he, like many another literary man, is bound to adore you, fatherless child." In truth, Mailer's uneven prose is a complement to the accompanying photographs. Many of the shots are evocative and glamorous, but insights are hard to find. In some pictures

where she belongs, on the screen.

And Mailer—where does he belong? As he sees it, still at the top of the heap. Even with this biographical, he is probably right. A writer who has contributed so many substantial and influential works may be forgiven a few piques and valleys. Still, one can hope that this is the last time he dedicates so much energy and metaphor to this kind of hurried history. For as Mailer admits, "journalism never does a writer any harm until he starts repeating himself, and if you do that, then you start presiding over the dissolution of your own literary empire."

Prowling the corridors of the Ervin hearings, searching for a possible contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mailer moves like a welterweight looking for a challenger—or a journalist in grave danger of repetition. That unfinished novel, it appears, may have to wait. Wait for what? For Mailer to produce more superjournalism? It has been argued, of course, that nonfiction is in the saddle and rides the bestseller list—that in the scorching light of contemporary events, reportage is stronger than fiction. It is a notion aptly refuted by a passage in *The Assistant*. Mailer's contemporary, Bernard Malamud, writes:

He asked her what book she was reading.

"The Idiot. Do you know it?"

"No. What's it about?"

"It's a novel."

"I'd rather read the truth."

"It is the truth."

It may seem rank ingratitude for a reader to ask for that sort of exemplary "truth" when Mailer has already contributed so much of his own kind. Yet in all his books, including *Marilyn*, Mailer has encouraged the reader to hope for more. It may be a forlorn hope. For Mailer now considers a novel "a grace. A gift from God. Either He gives it to you or He doesn't." Perhaps. Or it may just be Mailer's way of explaining away a terrifying writer's block.

In explaining away his recent treatment of the Kennedys, Mailer reasons, "Look, we're all taken abash by Watergate. What we lose sight of is that this is great American drama and we're either going to come of age or we're not, and if we're going to come of age, we've got to stop this piety toward our leaders."

That piety must include the homage shown to literary as well as political and film stars. Perhaps Norman Mailer has been treated too piously; maybe he has been on top too long. Yet somehow one refuses to believe it. Half a century old, the writer hovers at the peak of his powers; the blue eyes still twinkle and the vigor appears undiminished. If Norman Mailer ever produces the book he once described as "a descendant of *Moby Dick*," his imperial qualities can be reinforced forever. And if he continues to pour forth *Marilyns*? Only then will it be time for him to stop talking like a champ.



PHOTOGRAPHER-PROMOTER SCHILLER AT WORK ON EXHIBITION IN LOS ANGELES
"You're already famous, Marilyn. Now you can make me famous."

gossip, much of it palpably false. Marilyn's psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenston, describes Mailer's final chapter as "all wrong, filled with fallacious statements that give rise to pure fantasy." Dr. Thomas Noguchi, the Los Angeles County coroner who performed Monroe's autopsy, has given the lie to more Mailerisms. Contrary to rumor, no stomach pump was used on Marilyn. Moreover, examination showed she had had no sexual intercourse on that final day, ending any speculation that she was in the arms of a lover on the night of her demise. The level of Nembutal in her bloodstream was 4.5 mg. per 100, equivalent to 40 or 50 capsules. It was not a case, says Noguchi, of "automatism"—that gray area in which a person used to taking pills becomes groggy, takes a few too many, and slips over the edge of death.

More persevering research might have given Mailer's conclusions a less shadowy quality. But haste, not pinpoint accuracy, was his rule with *Mari-*

she resembles Doris Day; in others, one of her imitators, Jayne Mansfield. Schiller's work, rather surprisingly, is the most indulgent. Bert Stern's, full of crow's feet and harsh floodlit planes, suggests the outlines of a harridan.

In a brief critique of one of Marilyn's better films, Mailer writes, "By *The Misfits*, she is not so much a woman as a presence, not an actor but an essence—the language is hyperbole, yet her effects are not. She will appear in these final films as a visual existence different from other actors and so will leave her legend where it belongs, which is on the screen."

Just so. It is futile to look for it in Guiles' biography, or in Maurice Zolotow's, or in yet another book soon to be printed: *Marilyn: An Untold Story*, by Novelist Norman Rosten. Mailer has cannibalized all three sources, and because he is a larger talent, he emerges with a more sensational, compulsively readable book. Yet Marilyn has eluded *Marilyn* too. In the end she endured

THE LAW

The Other Investigator

"I am caught up on the great bulk of it, but I ask myself: Will one man ever be caught up on all the details?" The speaker is Harvard Law Professor Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor summoned by the Nixon Administration to clean its own house. For nearly two months now, in a heavily guarded office at 1425 K Street, he has been sifting the paper mountains of testimony and reports. As Cox, 61, looks ahead, he recalls that the Teapot Dome investigation took six years, and adds, "I rather expect to spend the rest of my working life in this role."

Cox now has 18 lawyers and 17 other staff members to help him. For the present, he has divided his investigation into five segments, he told TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey in his first interview since taking office. He expects the total to expand and the categories to shift, but the current breakdown is: 1) Watergate itself, from the bugging and break-in to the cover-up, 2) the "dirty tricks" that revolved around Political Saboteur Donald Segretti, 3) contributions to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, including possible extortionary and other illegal methods of fund raising, 4) operations of "the plumbers," from the raid on the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist to the tapping of newsmen's phones, and 5) the question of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. campaign donations just when the Administration was settling its antitrust suit against the conglomerate. Reports that Cox is also looking into the financing of the Western White House at San Clemente have been denied, but he has not ruled out the subject for future inquiry. In fact, the special prosecutor has clearly taken on the task of investigating just about anything he chooses.

No Dismay. With the resignation two weeks ago of the three original Watergate prosecutors—Assistant U.S. Attorneys Earl J. Silbert, Seymour Glanzer and Donald E. Campbell—Cox is now totally on his own. He made that stingingly clear when word leaked out last week that the trio's final report recommended indictments of H.R. Halde- man, John Ehrlichman, John Mitchell and John Dean. The leak was a "gross breach of professional ethics," said Cox, adding that if he found a member of his staff responsible, that individual would be "immediately dismissed."

The lawyers on Cox's staff now are almost all graduates of the Kennedy Administration. That stands to reason, since Cox, a Democrat, was John Kennedy's and Lyndon Johnson's Solicitor General from 1961 to 1965 (before that he had served in both the Justice and Labor Departments under Franklin Roosevelt). But White House officials

have voiced no loud dismay about the Kennedy hue of Cox's staff. "We needed a symbol of independence," says one. "We can hardly complain when he doesn't hire Nixon Republicans."

Cox's chief aide is James Vorenberg, 45, a fellow Harvard law professor and an expert in criminal justice who has frequently criticized the Nixon pronouncements on "law-and-order." Vorenberg's crisp, incisive manner has at times made it seem as if he, rather than the somewhat reserved Cox, were in charge. But Vorenberg and another Harvard law professor, Philip Heymann, 40, signed on only to help Cox get the investigation under way, and will return to their academic posts in the fall. Henry S. Ruth, 42, is Cox's permanent No. 2 man. Fresh from a successful three years as head of New York City's Criminal Justice Coordinating Council, which allocates federal anti-crime funds, Ruth will provide the prosecutorial expertise that Cox, a specialist in labor law, lacks.

The rest of the law staff has been picked for more specific duties. James Neal, 43, who will handle the Watergate bugging itself, once coordinated the federal prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa. An attorney from Nashville, Tenn., he came aboard for just two weeks, he said. But as Cox had hoped, he became so intrigued that he admits he will now stay "indefinitely." Thomas F. McBride, 44, who has specialized in prosecuting organized crime at the Justice Department and in New York City, is supervising the Segretti investigation and is also looking into the campaign contributions. The plumbers are being temporarily handled by Harvard's Heymann, and the ITT inquiry is the responsibility of Joseph J. Connolly, 32, a Philadelphia lawyer and onetime staff-

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THE LAW

er in the office of the Solicitor General. Meanwhile, Philip Lacovara, a former Deputy Solicitor General and now counsel for the prosecution team, is already supervising research into complex legal questions, including whether the President can be indicted or subpoenaed. Lacovara and Connolly are the only top Cox aides who have served in the Nixon Administration. And can a President be subpoenaed? "I have five different memos with five different arguments," says Cox.

When he went to court to try to curtail the Senate probe, Cox argued that prejudicial publicity might compromise the chance of a fair trial. Won't his warnings be used against him by defense lawyers in later proceedings? "A professor," he says with a smile, "is used to being quoted against himself." He remains confident that convictions can still be obtained and that he can do the job he has been set to do.

There seems little likelihood of White House interference. An early request for some documents did go slowly at first, but then a top presidential adviser reportedly asked, "What if Cox should resign?" Cox had the requested papers within 24 hours. The Administration could not easily suffer an angry withdrawal by Cox, and he has made it clear that he would explain any departure. In fact, Cox's position seems so impregnable that he is confidently planning to triple his 35-man staff to a total of 90 or 100, including 50 lawyers, and anticipates no trouble in getting the extra funds. So far, he has spent \$230,000, and he expects the first year total to run close to \$2,000,000. He himself is making \$36,000 per year.

Six Days. He certainly earns it. In the office by 7:30 a.m., after walking two miles from the Georgetown home of friends, Cox invariably lunches at his desk, works through the day's problems until 6 o'clock, when he takes two hours to read interviews and testimony. (He has not watched more than a few fragments of the TV hearings.) At 8 o'clock, he generally goes out for dinner with a few aides, after which the not-quite-ex-professor spends an hour or two reading examination blue books from his Harvard law students. That is the six-day-a-week routine. On Sundays, he usually knocks off at 5 p.m. His wife is at their summer home in Maine, and he has taken an occasional weekend to be with her. She will move to Washington in September.

Does he mind the sudden upheaval in his life? "Obviously, this involved turning my back on many things I have wanted to do as a professor and scholar. I did want to use these years in writing, in establishing more of a permanent record of what I have been thinking and learning. But I do find the special prosecutor's role exciting, interesting, challenging." And the role does give him another kind of chance to leave a permanent record of all the things he has been learning.

See No Evil

Mike Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge* is a black comedy of sex that shows a great deal of Ann-Margret without her clothing. It won an Oscar nomination for the actress and raves from many critics as one of the best films of 1971. But the Supreme Court's anti-pornography ruling of June 21 decreed that local judges could henceforth decide for themselves whether any movie violates "community" standards, as opposed to those of the nation as a whole. "It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound," wrote Chief Justice Warren Burger, to require "that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City." The Georgia Supreme Court therefore de-

NE MARK—GROSS



ANN-MARGRET IN "CARNAL KNOWLEDGE" Appeal to a "morbid" interest?

cided last week, by a vote of 4 to 3, that *Carnal Knowledge* (which was rated R rather than X by the M.P.A.A.) deserved to be banned.

The case involved Billy Jenkins, a theater owner in Albany (pop. 77,000), who was arrested for showing the movie last year. Jenkins was convicted and sentenced to a year in prison, to be served on probation with payment of a \$750 fine under a 1968 state law banning material that appeals to "a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion, and is utterly without redeeming social value." As a definition, that might well be reasonable enough, and as specific as the U.S. Supreme Court's new rules require. But that such a definition of pornography should be applied to as serious a film as *Carnal Knowledge* indicates how drastically the Supreme Court's rules may be interpreted, or misinterpreted, by local authorities trying to decide what may or may not be seen by the public.

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The Sharks of Fate

JASON AND MEDEIA

by JOHN GARDNER

354 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

Once upon a legendary time there was this young Greek hero—handsome as a god, naturally, and the son of a king—who was promised the throne if he could perform one small, one merely impossible quest: bring back from far-off Asia Minor a golden fleece guarded by a monster that never slept.

Once upon a not-so-legendary time—a time when writers have to borrow their heroes and their morals if not their plots—Jason's story is getting retold by the most unlikely of bards: a professor of Old and Middle English, living on an Illinois farm, over a thousand miles from the nearest wine-dark sea.

A feat more impossible than stealing the golden fleece? Maybe. But John Gardner, a myth lifter from way back (*Grendel*), pulls off his quest brilliantly—not just as a tour de force but as an act of profoundly contemporary writing. A novelist who often writes like a poet, Gardner here becomes a poet who writes like a novelist, rolling out his narration in blank verse like a very good translation of the *Odyssey*. He uses the story of Jason to confront his own moral dilemma, the characteristically American theme that runs through his writing, most recently in *The Sunlight Dialogues*: How can law and freedom be reconciled?

Gardner's Jason is a man whose struggles to gain justice for himself seem destined to do injustice to others. Betrayed of his royal inheritance, he finds himself betraying the birthrights of others to get it back: particularly Medea, daughter of the King of Colchis, owner of the golden fleece. What a humiliation for a questing hero! Jason builds a superness, the *Argo*, assembles his all-star crew of Argonauts, including Herakles. When he gets to Colchis, after all the usual obstacles, he finds that only by seducing Medea—by making her betray her father and her brother—can he gain the fleece.

Like Euripides, Gardner picks up the tale years later, Medea has contrived to have Jason's uncle turned into mince meat, and she and Jason, now middle-aged, have been sent into exile in Corinth. He is still after a throne, however, and about to betray Medea to marry the daughter of the King of

Corinth. Is treason, alas, "life's great norm"? This, Gardner appears to say, is Jason's real quest—to learn the hard way what, if any, are "the principles of faith between men" as they pursue self-interest.

Meanwhile, life and Gardner's tale roll on, hardly a pallid allegory. Black waves tower about Jason and his crew. Popular stock characters are recalled: Circe, the Sirens. Libations of pure wine, sweet as honey, pour from a gold cup. Old crones mutter curses in dark corners, and blind seers moan; in Greek-tragedy circles, precognition is no blessing. Loves are twice as strong as life, and so are hates. This is epic country, full of men on the scale of gods and gods "as illogical as sharks."



MEDEA SLAYING HER CHILDREN, BY DELACROIX
After fleeing, a negotiated betrayal.

John Gardner pursues his story with all the agony of a writer whose supreme pleasure is to imagine human beings as free as the gods. Yet Jason's betrayal of Medea must be followed according to the moral geometry of known Greek tragedy. Medea kills Jason's bride with a poisoned robe woven from the golden fleece, then slaughters the children she has borne Jason.

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Gardner's Jason at least tries. When last seen he is sailing the *Argo* on another quest: tracking down Medea, not in vengeance but from an odd, obsessive loyalty. Betrayal, Gardner suggests, produces its own kind of involvement. If betrayal is inevitable, then so is a man's determination to renegotiate endlessly with what he has half killed in others and in himself. Thus

does Gardner reconcile Greek fate with Christian free will—by the skin of his teeth. Applying his first-class imagination with maximum risks, he has, like his characters, worked a desperate and glorious venture.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Survivor's Manual

THE DOLPHIN, 78 pages, \$6.95;

HISTORY, 207 pages, \$7.95;

FOR LIZZIE AND HARRIET, 48 pages, \$6.95.

by ROBERT LOWELL
Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

At 56, Robert Lowell is the country's leading claimant to the title of major poet. Most of his generation—Theodore Roethke, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman, Delmore Schwartz—are dead. When Lowell published his first book, *Lord Weary's Castle*, right after World War II, critics overwhelmed him with praise. Over the years he has proved a poet of exceptional intelligence and technical craft rather than mercurial lyric gifts.

Two of these books—*For Lizzie and Harriet* and *History*—are reworkings of a long sequence of sonnets called *Notebook*, 1967-68. Lowell wanted the work to be considered a single, variegated poem, and indeed it is an intertwined record of his preoccupation with politics, dead friends, his wife Elizabeth Hardwick, their daughter Harriet, and various literary and historical figures. Since then, Lowell has gone to England and remarried. *For Lizzie and Harriet* may be a kind of parting present, an extract from *Notebook* containing all the poems (some now rewritten) addressed to his daughter and former wife.

There are 80 new poems in *History*, as well as more freework done on the original sonnet group. The enlargement intensifies the problem that *Notebook* had from the start: too much trivia. The strong poems get lost in material that is simply organized jotting.

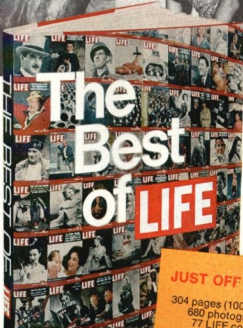
The Dolphin contains more bad news for Lowell's admirers. These are all new poems. Most of them are fluent yet curiously flat. They represent a return to the preoccupations and personal style of *Life Studies* (1959). Lowell's best book and easily the most influential volume of American poetry published in the past 15 years. His writing about chronic mental disturbance and hospitalization opened a whole school of so-called confessional verse that flourished in the '60s. Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton and W.D. Snodgrass, among others, wrote gruesome self-examinations stiff with hatreds and self-pity, openly mixing honesty, courage and sentimentality. They were startling constructs, and if nothing else, helped clear away the academic style of the '50s.

It is depressing to find Lowell, more than a decade after the tension and vigor of *Life Studies*, in and out of yet another hospital ("My twentieth in twenty years"), observing another small



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.



DAVID H. HARRIS

POET ROBERT LOWELL

The courage of callousness?

offspring, writing the same kind of stuff about London that he wrote about New York. By this time he even has the courage of his own callousness. Duly enclosed in quotation marks are poems fashioned from letters written by Elizabeth Hardwick after he left her. They may have been intended as literary strategy; contrasting a woman's naked loss with her man's fragile new happiness, his little son's first steps ("Small pets avoid him... Who wants to shake hands with a dead friend?"). In the inevitable 14-line casings, these poems are as listless as the rest.

Life Studies burst out after a spell of staleness in Lowell's work, and one hopes that he will find fresh impetus again. The book's last poem demonstrates his strengths—candor, elegance, a survivor's dispassion and an energy that is missing in much of the book:

I have sat and listened to too many words of the collaborating muse, and plotted perhaps too freely with my life, not avoiding injury to others, not avoiding injury to myself—to ask compassion... my eyes have seen what my hand did.

■ Martha Duffy

Notable

STARTING OVER

by DAN WAKEFIELD
290 pages. Delacorte. \$7.95.

Built-in obsolescence was one of the great ideas of the 1950s. For the sake of the G.N.P., it was better if appliances and autos did not last too long. Now, nostalgia notwithstanding, it appears that perhaps the youth of that period were not put together too well either. Phil Potter, 33, came of age in the 1950s, went into public relations and married a model. Five years later, he watches his marriage fall apart.

Like the nearly 2,000,000 Americans who get divorced each year, Potter then has to start over. He leaves Madison Avenue for a job teaching at a junior college in Boston. He also enters the desperate maze of the newly unmarried. There are those lonely meals off the refrigerator shelf and, in Potter's case, so much booze that it seems increasingly unlikely he will show up for the next chapter.

Of course, there are also the one-night stands, two-night stands, etc. One affair loses its bloom but turns into a spiky friendship that periodically takes the novel a little deeper into what it is like to search for dependable and comfortable companionship. The search comes to its inevitable end with an old-fashioned Southern girl who is, beneath the honeyed exterior, as tough as pork rind. Potter is last seen as a retired bridegroom.

Like so many journalists who have taken up popular-novel writing for a living, Wakefield seems content to strip-mine emotions while being careful not to scratch motivations too deeply. Perhaps intentionally, he has planted in his novel its own most accurate assessment. A film-writer friend of Potter's shows him a script and Potter remarks: "It wasn't anything that would knock you out, and had its share of cliché ideas and situations, but it wasn't all bad, either."

OARS ACROSS THE PACIFIC

by JOHN FAIRFAX and SYLVIA COOK
255 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

The lesson of this trip is that if God had really intended a young British adventurer and his nonswimming girl friend to row their way across the Pacific in a 42-ft. boat, he would have found a way to put oars on the human anatomy. For some reason, John Fairfax and Sylvia Cook failed to take that divine negative hint, and for nearly twelve months in 1970-71 they painfully bobbed and stroked from San Francisco to Hayman Island, just off Australia, a journey of 8,000 miles. This is a spare but colorful account of their voyage and the strange interlocked lives they shared aboard the cramped *Britannia II* (Fairfax crossed the Atlantic solo in No. 1). It is short on providing any serious rationale for the caper (from the inside of a small boat, after all, the Pacific is not merely *there*, it's sort of everywhere), probably because really there wasn't one.

Fairfax and Cook, who amicably announce at book's end that they plan to go separate ways in life, maintain that once afloat they were partners only in the seagoing sense. In truth, they seem far from natural thole mates, he a fearless blue-water Tarzan, she a slightly petrified British Jane. The result is lots of sitcom sparring (Fairfax: "Why don't you want to see a dead whale?"), which gets progressively less seaworthy after the tenth day out or so.

THE UNGODLY: A NOVEL OF THE DONNER PARTY

by RICHARD RHODES
370 pages. Charterhouse. \$8.95.

Since childhood their preachers had warned them of fire and brimstone, but on the way to California in 1846, the pioneers known as the Donner Party found hell in the Sierra Nevada. Snow-bound from November to April near Truckee Lake, 34 men, women and children of the group of 79 died of cold and hunger. Many of the 45 survivors kept from starving by eating their dead.

The story of the Donner Party has remained beyond the fringe of what has been called the anti-Western. There have been historical accounts of the tragedy and even a long narrative poem published in 1971. But neither history nor verse could quite convey the range of a tragedy whose elements are nearly classical in their simplicity. Instead of jealous gods, it was nature that stripped the last shreds of pride from the pioneers and made them pay for survival by violating the most ancient taboo.

The real job in telling such a story is to find a technique that will not interfere with the natural narrative. Richard Rhodes, a Kansas journalist-historian, has done this simply by casting a historical novel in the form of a diary. In lean, densely detailed prose, he records the progress of the wagon train across the Great Plains, the Salt Flats and the Continental Divide. Arguments, fights, sharp bargaining foreshadow the social breakdown to come.

Rhodes is unsparing in the grisly detail, though never ghoulish. But fictionalizing history can often result in some unbelievable lines. "I ate your boy."

CULVER PICTURES



WOODCUT OF DONNER PARTY, CIRCA 1890
The stomach had its reasons.

She needs your love.



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BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL
CASEWORKER REPORT

TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SILVA

AGE: 4½ YEARS

NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT, CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS' CONDITION: FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.
MOTHER: DECEASED, DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD, THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT HE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS:

HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS PUNISHMENTS ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIHIRO FELIX DA SILVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SILVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.



Every day our workers around the world receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

And then our staff must make the terrible decision—which child can we help? And which child must be turned away?

Little Marta is one of the lucky ones. Because an American such as you became a CCF sponsor and reached out to her, she was enrolled in a CCF Family Helper Project.

These Projects help children of widowed or impoverished parents, and children from broken homes remain with their families. Under the guidance of a trained caseworker, CCF youngsters receive supplementary food and clothing, medical care, school books, family guidance and a variety of special services.

And of course, Marta is only one example of thousands of youngsters

around the world who desperately need your assistance. Could you turn away such a child, and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a child like Marta. Just fill out the coupon and mail it with your first monthly check. In about two weeks you will receive a photo and personal history of the child you are helping.

Your sponsored child will write to you and a housemother or staff worker will send you the original letter and an English translation, direct from overseas.

Please, won't you help? Let today be the day you begin to enjoy the rewards that come from person-to-person sharing with a little child.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511
Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$5. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$5.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____
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BOOKS

confesses one survivor who becomes the scapegoat of the tragedy. Yet even such a scapegoat cannot absorb all the shame, and Rhodes chills us with nature's own truth: the heart may have its reasons, but so does the stomach.

HAZARD

by GERALD A. BROWNE
319 pages. Arbor House. \$7.95.

This tidy amateur-in-espionage thriller can be trusted. It follows the reliable conventions and arrives on schedule at a suitably preposterous conclusion. The hero, Hazard, is casually superhuman; a lazy professional gambler, he just happens to have total recall. His girl friend has a boy's name, Keven. In addition to being a model and a health-food nut, Keven is a whiz at ESP. Hazard's modest ambition is merely to kill four Arabs who murdered his brother, but of course he strides right into a balmy Arab plot to lay waste to Israel with nerve gas ("one minuscule drop anywhere on the skin caused death within 60 seconds"). During Hazard's long course from Manhattan to the Great Pyramid at Giza ("not as impressive as he had imagined"), the reader gets some London tips (try Dukes Hotel) and the standard undigested goblets of research that pass for a change of pace in this kind of book (this time the subject is deep-sea salvage). There are also a couple of interludes involving telepathy, restrained enough to be convincing, and some pandering to Israel so aggressive it amounts to condescension. Nothing in this book is as good as the ton-of-diamonds gimmick in the author's bestselling *Hinnerhouse*. Hazard succeeds by taking no chances with the formula.

Best Sellers

FICITION

- 1—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (2 last week)
- 2—Breakfast of Champions, Tonnagut (1)
- 3—Evening in Byzantium, Shaw (4)
- 4—Facing the Lions, Wick (4)
- 5—The Odesia File, Forsyth (7)
- 6—The Summer Before the Dark, Lessing (8)
- 7—The Matlock Paper, Ludlum (5)
- 8—Harvest Home, Tryon
- 9—The World of Apples, Cheever (10)
- 10—The Hungarian Game, Hayes

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (3)
- 2—Serpico, Maas (5)
- 3—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (2)
- 4—Laughing All the Way, Howar (1)
- 5—My Young Years, Rubinstein (7)
- 6—Sybil, Schreiber (4)
- 7—The Implosion Conspiracy, Nizer (9)
- 8—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Howe (6)
- 9—Weight Watchers Program Cookbook, Nidetch (8)
- 10—Lusitania, Simpson

Gathering No Moss

Masacred Rock Singer Alice Cooper plans to market a line of men's cosmetics under the brand name Whiplash. George McGovern claims that he was never allowed access to a secret FBI file on Senator Thomas Eagleton's medical history. Mick Jagger will portray Merlin, the Arthurian wizard, in a forthcoming film. Director Bernardo Bertolucci thinks that the average man is a fascist at heart. The hidden structure of ex-Beatle Paul McCartney's melodies is a "rotating riff." To stave off a receding hairline, Watergate Principal John Dean once shampooed regularly with a pungent concoction called Grandpa's Wonder Pine Tar Toilet Soap. It took 19 federal and county lawmen, aided by an Army helicopter, to trap and finally kill one young hippie; the drug mill he was suspected of operating never existed.

This rich mix of trivia, gossip, music criticism and serious general reporting is now the standard offering of *Rolling Stone*. What started as the bible of rock, operating on loans, credit and optimism, has become the West Coast's major purveyor of the New Journalism. Along the way, *Stone* has become solvent and earned the trade's respect.

The voice is still vaguely radical, and the reportage is usually sympathetic to counterculturalists. But last month's piece about the murder of a drug suspect, written by Associate Editor Joe Eszterhas, was not mere anti-cop propaganda. A federal agent has been charged with homicide in the case.

Grouper Gossip. Unlike the underground sheets that it still outwardly resembles, *Stone* resists becoming obsessed with one type of story. Tom Wolfe recently wrote a perceptive rumination on the terrestrial thoughts and problems of the astronauts. When Truman Capote failed to come up with a commissioned article on the Rolling Stones' U.S. tour last summer, *Stone* assigned Andy Warhol to interview the writer. The result was a 20,000-word opus long on grouper gossip, insights into Capote's creative process, and epic banalities ("Wait, wait, wait, wait. We want two more double Margaritas, and I want some ice in my drink, and...").

Some facets of *Stone* remain unchanged. It still meticulously notes the musical chairs played by rock groups famous and unsung ("Ronnie Lane, Face, has been replaced by Free's former bassist, Tetsu Yamauchi"). Record reviews bristle with formidable expertise. *Stone* still looks like something put together the morning after. Color pictures on rough newsprint turn flesh tones green or shocking pink. Endless columns of small print seem as inviting to the eye as coils of barbed wire. But the old foldover format—which enables

readers to open one cover and find another—is on the way out, a victim of the biweekly's growing affluence. Limited by its present design to 80 pages, *Stone* will switch to regular tabloid style this summer, making room for a waiting list of prospective advertisers.

The navigator of *Stone*'s changing direction is Jann Wenner, 28, who founded the paper in 1967, owns the controlling interest, and still serves as its editor. Operating out of a converted warehouse in San Francisco, he directs a youthful staff of 80. Office eccentricities are few: occasional picnics on the floor, an incongruous barber's chair in one editor's office. Day-to-day operations are run in a low-keyed style by Managing Editor Paul Scanlon, 28, who

the young. By mid-1969, *Stone* boasted 60,000 readers and had geared up a British edition.

Then the Love Apocalypse promised at Woodstock collapsed into a later welter of drug overdoses and ritual murders. Weakened by poor business management, the recession and a whopping \$7,000-a-month rent bill for its new quarters, *Stone* seemed destined to fade along with the flower children it had celebrated. But the paper bounced back, expanding its coverage to meet a new—and far bigger—story. Lengthy investigative pieces on the Manson killings and the murder at the Altamont free concert won a 1971 National Magazine Award and a commendation for "presenting material that challenged many

RODOLPH GATCHELSON



ROLLING STONE EDITOR JANN WENNER & A MONTAGE OF RECENT ISSUES
From a converted warehouse, a new direction navigated.

once worked for the *Wall Street Journal* and shares his colleagues' distaste for organization charts and the intra-office pecking order. "Most of us came from newspapers and magazines," Scanlon says, "and we wanted to get away from all that."

Life at *Stone* has not always been so serene. Wenner, who grew up with the Berkeley uprisings in the mid-'60s and worked for *Ramparts*, scraped together \$7,500 to start the paper. He cajoled six volunteers into a rent-free San Francisco loft provided by a printer in return for *Stone*'s business. The first issue had a press run of 40,000, of which 34,000 were returned unsold. But Wenner's conviction that most of what he read about rock, drugs and the New Left "was either myth or nonsense" led to the paper's distinctive tone: tough, often thoughtful reporting of what Wenner calls the "cultural, stylistic, attitudinal change" then fermenting among

of the shared attitudes of its readers."

Since then, the shift toward general-interest articles has been consistent. Such prestigious over-30 contributors as Richard Brautigan, William Burroughs, Anthony Burgess and Yevgeny Yevtushenko supplement in-house writers. The hottest staff member at the moment is National Affairs Editor Hunter S. Thompson, 35, a former freelance journalist and an author specializing in the bizarre (*Hell's Angels*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*). His spaced-out coverage of the 1972 presidential campaign was, in the tradition of New Journalism, self-indulgent, overlong and far livelier than the event itself.

The paper's editorial maturity has been matched by financial growth. With a U.S. circulation approaching 300,000 (at 75¢ a copy), *Stone* also sells 35,000 copies in Great Britain and on the Continent, and has profitable licensing arrangements with publishers in Japan,



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THE PRESS

Australia and New Zealand. A Spanish-language edition is under consideration, with a prospective circulation of 80,000 in Latin America.

The paper carries an average of 30 pages of ads per issue (at rates of \$2,900 per page for black-and-white, \$4,950 for color). Wenner now runs a publishing house, Straight Arrow Books, and a book-distributing firm, Quick Fox. Total revenues for fiscal 1972-73 have reached \$5,000,000, up from \$3.87 million a year ago. The operation, Wenner says, has been "pleasantly profitable."

The demands of a growing enterprise have lately consumed more of Wenner's editorial time than he would like. He insists that he would rather be an editor than a mini-mogul, but his complaints are understandably muted by prosperity. *Stone's* slow evolution from music sheet to general-interest publication undoubtedly involves some risk; old readers may seek grassier pastures without necessarily being replaced by new customers. "Growth worries me on and off," Wenner admits, "but I still feel confident that I know what people want to read." Despite its expansion, *Stone* remains very much his personal show, and it is only half a joke when staffers call him "Citizen Wenner."

Cousins' Second Coming

A few months after he walked away from *Saturday Review* because of serious disagreements with its new owners, Editor Norman Cousins founded *World*, a biweekly that strongly resembles the old *SR*. The revamped *SR*, converted into four monthlies, later went bankrupt. Now, to his considerable satisfaction, Cousins is taking over the remnants of that venture. Last week he was called away from *World's* first birthday party to participate in a second coming. He signed papers making official the merger of *Saturday Review* and *World*. Cousins and *World* paid *Saturday Review* creditors \$500,000 and assumed liabilities for outstanding subscriptions. The move will expand *World's* present biweekly circulation of 178,000 to more than 950,000—a gargantuan increase that Cousins has no intention of maintaining for long: "The motto here is 'We're at a million and shooting for 50,000.'"

He figures to keep the 350,000 long-term *Saturday Review* readers who mostly date back to his days as editor. But he will not strive to retain the 400,000 who signed on for one or more of the short-lived *SR* monthlies produced by Nicholas Charney and John Veronis. Cousins will peg ad rates at a \$50,000 base and offer advertisers almost 400,000 more readers as a temporary bonus. The first joint issue will appear Sept. 11.

Meanwhile, Cousins has sent a badly needed letter of explanation to all *Saturday Review* subscribers, some of whom signed up for a weekly, received four monthlies for a time, and will now be getting a biweekly.

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



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